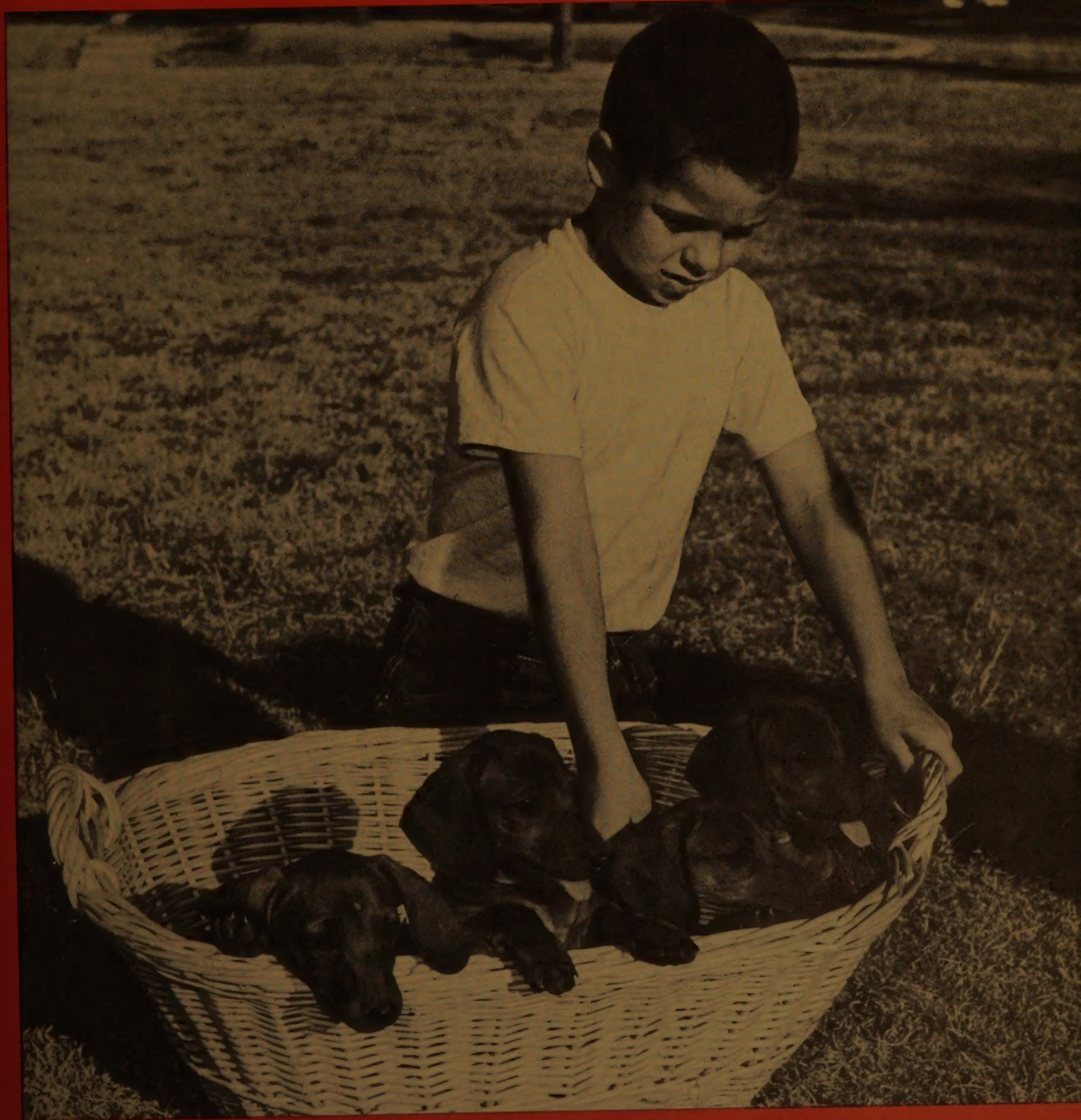


The *Magazine for the Christian Home*

Hearthstone

BEYOND THE ST. DIVINITY SCHOOL
AND FLEMING LIBRARY



● *Why Is Mary So Contrary?*—*Carl E. Pitts*

● *Making the Most of Your Marriage*—*Lloyd V. Channels*

SEPTEMBER, 1958 - 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Cover photo by Bob Taylor



What's Here? "What's eating him?" an irate father may say about his irascible teen-age son. Or "I can't understand why Janie is moody so much of the time," a bewildered mother says of a teen-age daughter. Carl E. Pitts has an article which all parents of changeable teens should read to obtain guidance in dealing with personality problems. It's called, "Why Is Mary So Contrary?"

Whether you are starry-eyed newly-weds, or are planning a big celebration for your golden anniversary, you will profit from reading "Making the Most of Your Marriage," by Lloyd V. Channels. He gives ten rules for achieving a better, more satisfying marriage.

Perhaps you have heard your small son or daughter chant rhythmic words while playing and going about the day's activities. Carol Grossman feels that all small children have an innate talent for poetic expression; and in her article, "Children Are Natural Poets," she tells how you can use this ability to help your children develop an appreciation for good poetry.

In school, scouts, and other organizations our children associate with children of other religious groups. They will probably ask you innumerable questions (or perhaps they already have) about religious differences which are alien to their limited experience. Our study article and guide for this month deals with the problem of helping children to gain an understanding of the religious habits of others. Be sure to read, "Your Child and Religious Differences," by Doris Clore Demaree.

What's Coming? Look for "Your Children's Giving"; "Making Church Membership Meaningful at Home"; "A Library on a Shoestring"; and others.

Good-by

This is the column that I feel sort of bad about writing, because it is my last one for *Hearthstone*. At the end of this month (we work on the September issue of *Hearthstone* in April) I am swapping my typewriter for a dozen bottles of formula, and all of my edited manuscripts for a sterilizer and a diaper pail. By the time that this issue reaches you, he or she, as the case may be, will be about three and a half months old.

I have enjoyed very much communicating with you via this column for the past four years. I have also had much pleasure and satisfaction in preparing an attractive, very useful Christian magazine to guide you in creating Christian homes.

Maybe I'll be back again someday. But for now,

Good-by,
S. W.

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In my long life I have known intimately many doctors, among them some noted surgeons, specialists, and general practitioners. I can understand why doctors for the most part are so highly regarded, especially the family physician. It is because he is usually not only competent but sympathetic and sacrificial.

A wise observer once said, "The minister sees people at their best; the lawyer sees them at their worse; but the doctor sees people as they are." The family physician, particularly such as I shall describe, undoubtedly sees his patients in their homes as they really are; and for him to be loved by them means that he must be a loving man.

The first doctor that I remember, F. B. Maner, was the best loved man in the village near which I lived. He had ushered most of the children thereabouts into the world, and the fact seemed to establish his special kind of interest in them. Like my sister, not a few were named for him, and he knew almost all of the children by name. Often he would stop them on his rounds to inquire about their health or to take note of some incident related to them. As I recall his kindly face, his friendly voice, and the touch of his hand, I am stirred with gratitude for the inspiration lent to my young life.

During my thirty-one years in the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Waco, Texas, my family enjoyed the services of the notable doctor John T. Harrington, physician to the students of Baylor University, as well as to a large number of homes, and a devoted deacon in my church. Frequently, he waxed confident in saying, "The family physician will continue as long as families remain the unit of civilization; and not the least element in his value will be his influence upon the children in the home where he visits."

Dr. Harrington confessed that he owed something of a mother's devotion to children—to his own and to other peoples. "There is no joy so strong as that which comes from the confidence and love of the little ones whom I meet on my visits." My own children were never terrified by his calls, were easily persuaded to take his treatments, and loved him always. They still refer to him appreciatively and quote him reverently, even as do those who knew him when they were collegians.

A few of his quaint prescriptions provoked loving remembrance—as often when attending some minor ailment he sent his little patients for a glass of sixteen teaspoonfuls of water and one teaspoonful of sugar; or, he suggested that they call by his house for a jar of buttermilk. They never ceased to wonder at his quick, unfailing diagnoses of maladies, born of long years of practice and an extraordinary discernment almost amounting to intuition.

Dr. Harrington's own home augmented his far-reaching, beneficent influence. It was a sweet abode of love and culture. His children emulated his qualities. The companionship between him and his wife became a kind of model to university couples who

From general practitioner to great surgeon, this author remembers all of the physicians who administered to him and his family.

BELOVED PHYSICIANS TO THE FAMILY

by Joseph Martin Dawson

got married. I am thinking of the affectionate veneration for his home held by Dr. and Mrs. George W. McDaniel, later great leaders among the Virginia Baptists, who all but adored him as long as they lived.

To his wife Dr. Harrington paid an exquisite tribute: "We were married in 1884 at Baylor College, Independence, Texas, where she was a teacher. She

outranked me then in education, social graces, and indeed every other way, and she has steadily maintained her rank. She has been the greatest stimulation to good habits and moral inspiration that has come into my life. At my best I have been only a suggestion of what I should be; but without her I would have been far below the average. She seldom knows who are or who are not my patients; but she was ever kind to them all, and she was a check upon my quick temper and snap judgment."

If the wife of a minister is essential to his success, we may also conclude from this that the wife of a doctor contributes much to what her husband may attain. However that may be, we do know that a stream of people constantly entered the Harrington home with the feeling that it was something of a model to be sought.

From what I have already said it would be surmised that Dr. Harrington was cherished as a counselor. Not even his distinguished activities in civic affairs, his eminent contributions to his denomination, or any of his exceptional contributions to his profession could equal, in my judgment, his significance as adviser to people. Many in the reception room of his office waited to consult him about some personal problem. More than half of those who flocked to his home after office hours came to ask his judgment in regard to some important decision. The young mothers who composed his Sunday church school class acknowledged to me that they found his teaching of the Bible incomparable for satisfying their individual needs.

The ready disposition to help people resulted in extraordinary demands on Dr. Harrington's energies, for which more often than not he received no pay whatever. Yet he never hesitated to respond to the call of human need. Notwithstanding his ardent work for righteousness in his community, he answered the summons of many a person in dire distress who turned out to be involved in crime. While a very young doctor, beginning far out on the plains, he once rose at midnight to go with a man to a distant spot, to administer to a wounded man who was discovered to be a train robber. Upon departing from the robber's rendezvous before daybreak, the doctor had persuaded the wayward youth to give himself up. In the tragic Waco feud of the late nineties, when six shooter duels took the lives of several citizens over charges leveled against Baylor University by W. C. Brann, editor of the *Iconoclast*, Dr. Harrington not only bound the wounds of victims but proved to be a mediator between the factions, so that finally they consented to lay down their arms.

Over one criminal the good doctor never ceased to lament. That was Bonnie Parker, a notorious "moll" of a band of the worst bandits that ever infested Texas. He officiated at her birth in a shack in a slum district. "If I had been at all aware of the evil possibilities lurking in the progeny of that underprivileged home, I might have done something to avert the later developments," he said.

In the course of his extended life the little doctor, small of stature and one-eyed from an injury sustained at the age of four months, displayed again and again superb courage. A single illustration of this will suffice.

"While I never took advantage of the confidence of a patient to betray," he said, "I assisted as I could in behalf of law enforcement. An El Paso woman living in a vice district sent for me. 'You're dying,' I told her as gently as I could. 'I know it,' she answered, 'and that is why I sent for you. I have a secret I must tell you.' Between gasps she managed to convey the information that my friend, Dick Ward, once marshal of Colorado City, Texas, who killed the bank robber, Sam Bass, had been killed by a hired assassin. 'His name was Sam Johnson, and they paid him \$1000 to kill Ware,' she confided. 'I am the wife of Johnson, and we lived down on the bank of the Colorado River at the time. We buried the gun under the dirt floor of our tent.'

Where is Sam Johnson now?' I asked. 'Somewhere around Abilene, I think.' The woman died that night. The next day I wired my friend Judge Leggett of Abilene to find Sam Johnson. He wired back, 'Sam Johnson died of pneumonia in the county jail this morning.'"

Another physician whom we will always remember was J. J. Robert of Hillsboro, Texas, where my wife and I began our home life together. He and his charming wife Susan had much to do with the formation of homes which have been outstanding for happiness and Christian virtues. This accounts for the fact that several couples, including ourselves, named sons for his deceased son. It was a heart-warming compliment to one who acted the part of veritable father to young married people. This Christian concern for them meant far more than dependable medical service; for he was also physician to the soul.

Dr. Robert worked at the Christian vocation as diligently as at his profession. Accordingly, he was known as a great soulwinner. To become his friend usually meant to become a Christian. A majority of Hillsboro men were professing Christians; and many of the most influential among them were led to Christ by this doctor. It was generally understood that tactfully, persistently he would win almost any man toward whom he centered his prayers and directed his efforts. For example, there was that rough rancher who esteemed Dr. Robert as the best physician anywhere, but unbelieving, held out to the last. In his dying hour, realizing that he was sinking into eternity a lost man, he sent for Robert and piteously begged, "Pull me out, Doc, pull me out!" Tenderly and effectively, the doctor showed him how to put his trust in the only Savior who could deliver him. In a men's meeting on a Sunday afternoon, when Dr. George W. Truett preached, I saw him induce a neighbor to acknowledge Christ. Forty men, including the county judge and district attorney, followed suit. When "Doctor and Susan" died, I

returned from my Waco pastorate to conduct the memorial service for each in the church to which they had devoted so much of their time.

Near the end of his useful career Dr. Robert published a meritorious little volume entitled *Fragments*, which I could never part with. In it he modestly recounts his professional experiences over forty years in the county seat town where he spent his days serving others; records the sentiments and ideals which mastered him; and sums up with the words,

"From the cold-blooded business viewpoint I suppose it may be said that my life has been a failure financially. I do not know about this. I have made money, and I have given it away when I considered it was better than to keep it. In my quiet, humble home is the greatest of all jewels—contentment. When I go home at eventide, all worn and weary from the busy hours of the day, I meet a cheery smile and affectionate welcome from one who is as sweet at sixty as she was at sixteen. I do not want for anything here, and as the child of a King I know I shall not want for anything hereafter."

I must be allowed to mention another doctor who has been a family physician without a peer for nearly seventy years. He came up from the village of Holland to Waco about the same time that I as a young man assumed the First Church pastorate there. I wish that everyone might read his autobiography, recently published under the title, *The Last Stitch*, for it is a saga as thrilling as any ever written by an heroic doctor of the pioneer Southwest, consisting of episodes of unsurpassing interest.

Consider this example of his service to humanity: In the early 40's the Waco papers headlined the Hollywood triumph of a Waco-born Negro, Julius C. Bledsoe. It happened that friends prevailed upon the celebrity to return to the place of his birth to sing in Waco Hall at Baylor University. Well to the front of the immense throng sat Dr. Crosthwait and his wife eagerly applauding. After the performance the great Negro hastened to the doctor and said,

"I'm here tonight only because of you. I can never forget when I was a penniless little boy, sick and about to die, you told me I'd get well, for the Lord had something for me to do."

Dr. Crosthwait has administered to his share of high-ups; but like Dr. Harrington he has always responded at any hour of the night to the lowliest and the vilest, without regard to pay. Often Mrs. Crosthwait, especially in days when they were in the town of Holland, went along with him to act as nurse.

When the doctor left Holland in 1911, the town newspaper, *The Progress*, carried a testimonial covering a full page, with four hundred signatures. Editor J. S. Hair added, "No one ever lived or died in Holland who will be missed by the entire citizenship as will Dr. Crosthwait."

Now he confesses that he feels a little ashamed that he left; for whereas there were four doctors in the village when he departed, there is not one doctor there today—a situation all too prevalent in

rural towns throughout the country.

But if he found favor in the village, his popularity in the city was even greater. He became a great surgeon and established a large clinic; but from conviction he maintained an extensive family practice. At 83 he is revered by a far-reaching circle of homes. One indication of their esteem was the succession of five autograph parties on a single day when his autobiography was released.

I never dreamed that the family physician could mean so much to us in the city as did those whom we had known in rural areas. When we moved to the nation's capital, however, we found out that we were mistaken. In Washington we fell into the

Photo by erb



The family doctor is usually a good family friend, who is genuinely interested in you.

skillful, gentle hands of Dr. Theodore Abernathy, son of the famous pastor of Calvary Baptist Church. If ever there was a Christian doctor, Ted is one. Like the up-to-date physician, he utilizes hospitals to care for seriously ill patients; but he does not hesitate to answer a midnight summons to the home. He is ever ready to receive calls at his office. Like all of our other family doctors, he never made any charges for personal advice and counseling. For this devout young man, who watched daily over a loved one after a major operation performed by a colleague, we shall always cherish sincere gratitude and retain the memory of him equally with those beloved physicians to the family back home in Texas.

Why Is Mary So Contrary?

by Carl E. Pitts

Fourteen-year-old Ann walked home slowly from school. She was thinking what her parents would say when they found out about her acceptance. A party was to be held on a school night, and she knew that it would probably last beyond the usual 10:30 deadline that had been set for her. But this did not keep her from accepting. After all, she thought, the other kids will be there; and if they can stay out, I ought to be able to. It was not until that evening that Ann's parents found out.

"You sort of took matters in your own hands, didn't you?" said her father as Ann's mother cleared away the dinner dishes.

"I didn't think that you would mind. All the other kids are going, and their parents haven't said anything."

"Are you sure?" Her mother spoke from the kitchen door. "Mrs. Anderson heard about it, and she isn't letting Sally go."

"Sally's mother is an old grouch. She never lets her do anything!"

"Ann, I don't think you should talk about Mrs. Anderson like that."

Her father unfolded the evening paper as Ann's mother continued the conversation from the kitchen.

"Why not? Everyone knows it," Ann countered.

"Ann . . ." her father interrupted in a tone which communicated his displeasure.

"Oh, all right!"

Her mother walked in from the kitchen. "I've been thinking about your going; and I decided that since you didn't ask us ahead

of time, particularly when you knew you would be out late, that you cannot go."

For most of us it would not be difficult to add an ending to this story of Ann and her parents. It is the kind of situation re-enacted over and over ever since there have been parents and teen-agers.

To some parents it is a baffling experience. Suddenly, it seems, their child—now a teen-ager—who never used to rebel so openly at decisions, is now acting like a different person. He questions a choice. He sulks. He is secretive. He goes out of his way to be contrary. Sometimes he is downright mean.

A mother asks, "Why doesn't someone write a book, so that whenever we meet a problem in rearing our children, we can turn to the index and find the answer?" Could such a book be written, it would surely be popular, but it would never be a best seller. No one could afford the number of volumes that it would take to discuss every eventuality in child rearing. There are too many different situations; too many different kinds of parents; too many different kinds of children.

This article is directed to a subject considered by many to be one of the root causes to family difficulties arising between parents and their teen-age sons and daughters. Its purpose is to help parents gain insights into what might be termed "Principles of Constructive Decision Making for Teen Agers."

Adolescence—A Troubled Period

In the growing-up process there is a time during which the young person makes a rather

concerted effort to break the apron strings. This is normally found in the beginnings of adolescence, about 11, 12, or 13. There are exceptions to this, but generally these characteristics are typical of adolescence.

Obviously, the child has sought independence before this time. Nevertheless, what may have been spasmodic and more subtle, now becomes an easily recognized characteristic.

In addition to this drive to become a person there is also the subsequent pressure from a boy or girl's friends—the peer group—driving the youth to seek independence. For example, the girl who can stay out the latest or the boy who doesn't have to get home for dinner both have an unusual social prestige among their friends because of their independence.

The Role of the Parent

Understanding that the desire to be on their own is a normal drive for young people, the parent provides situations and gives young people opportunities to make their own decisions which are within their capabilities.

This is a big step for some parents to make. To them the idea of having young people make decisions is absurd. They cannot see how inexperienced youngsters can be expected to make decisions or choices. This is for the grownup.

To some degree that observation is correct. There are certain decisions that require much experience and maturity. Yet deducting these decisions from the vast number which can be

Give your teen-ager credit for being able to make some mature, intelligent decisions. Naturally, a young person's judgment isn't always sound; but many times it is.

made by teen-agers, you find a whole world left where youth can and should exercise their choice. These choices may begin even when the child is quite small. Many years ago it was believed that parents should feed their babies on a regular schedule. If a baby was sleeping soundly at 4:00 A.M., he was to be awakened and given his bottle. Today, waking a sleeping baby to feed him is almost a joke. Instead of following a rigid routine of feeding, pediatricians are urging that babies be given their choice as to when they should be fed.

As a child grows older, opportunities for making decisions should increase. Little Mary can decide when she wants to wear her pink dress or blue ruffled dress to church school. Danny helps the family decide what they can do on Sunday afternoon, a time usually reserved for family activities.

Ten-year-old Alice and her brother, who is two years older, are given their choice in selecting what entertainment they would like to see on television. In the past their parents have helped them decide by talking over what programs they thought were good and those that they thought not so good. Now the children are developing criteria for making their own decisions about television. They do not necessarily agree with their parents in every choice; but that is not the important thing. The fact is that Alice and her brother are learning to be more and more discriminating. Choice in television can carry over into a variety of other entertainments, such as



Lal and Al Bloom

movies, radio, and reading.

One father related an experience that his family was having. He said that he and his wife believed that at some point in a young person's life—a pre-determined point—the child should be allowed to make all his decisions. The age they set in their family was sixteen. This meant that when their children reached sixteen, they, the parents, would offer only advice when decisions came up. They would never actually make the decision. If what they would advise did not agree with what the young person wanted to do, he was to shoulder the responsibility of the decision. Parents were always standing by to help—the youth knew this—but the decision was his to make.

The thought of your 16-year-old son or daughter making a final decision may make you shudder. Nevertheless, it is an admirable goal toward which parents of younger children might give serious thought. Parents of older teen-agers please note: To say to a boy or girl, "You are sixteen now. You can make all your own decisions," would be foolhardy, unless the child had been prepared for this over a period of years.

The Family Council

The family council is an approach to decision making which can be maturing for youth, as well as for the whole family. This technique has received much notoriety within the last few years. The idea is simple: Problems and decisions which have a bearing on the whole family are worked out in a family meeting. The Adams family, for example, held a family council to discuss where they were to spend their summer vacation. Mr. Adams pointed out the limitations of time and money, and that beyond these they were to decide as a family group where they would go. It became quite a family project sending away for folders and information; and it was one project in which every member of the family could participate.

Some parents prefer to make the meetings more formal than do others. They set aside a particular time each week. Others have felt that this was too artificial. Whatever the case, the outward form is not too important. The fact that the family can get together to make decisions as a group is the important thing.

(Continued on page 30)

Hello There, Danny



It was raining by the time the dentist had finished the filling; and there wasn't a cab in sight. Jennie sighed. Not that she could afford to call one anyway. She looked at the watch that Jim had given her the Christmas before. She was going to be late getting home; and that meant the children would be cranky and supper would be a tossed together jumble.

She peered up the rain-misted street; but there was no sign of a bus. There never was when you were in a hurry and feeling miserable. She huddled in the doorway, mesmerized by her continuing day-dream. She was driving a car of her own, a small, red, foreign one; and the sun was shining, and the children on the seat beside her were scrubbed and beautiful in store-bought clothes instead of home-made ones.

She came back to reality with a jolt. A man had stopped in front of her and was staring, open-mouthed. She looked at him without recognition for a second, until she remembered who he was. Then color flooded her face.

"Jennie Prentiss," he said, reaching for her hand. "You look just the same."

She shrank further into the doorway. Surely, this wasn't the way he remembered her! Damp and cold and miserable from the freezing in her jaw. "Hello there, Danny," she said limply.

"It's been a long time," he said, moving into the doorway beside her. "How's the world been treating you?"

"Fine," she managed. "Just fine." She looked at him curiously. Surprisingly, after ten years, he looked very much the same. His eyes were still a brilliant blue, his shoulders still broad, and if he had thickened a bit around the waistline, who hadn't? His clothes were expensive and well-tailored, and her own eyes became a little resentful. Jim should be wearing clothes like that instead of the off-the-rack suits that he habitually bought because they cost less. Then she remembered her own clothes: the coat that was old even the spring before; the hat that did absolutely nothing for her; the purse and shoes that had been good when she had bought them six years before, but now were just about worn out.

It wasn't fair. Over the years, since the last time she had seen Danny, she had imagined meeting him again. Always when she did, she was wearing mist-soft gowns and high-heeled, foolish slippers, and flowers in her hair.

"What are you doing these days?" Danny was saying. "I suppose you're married."

Jennie nodded. "My name's Graham now," she said. "We've got four children."

"Four?" he said incredulously. "Good heavens!"

"They're very nice children," she said defensively. And really, they were. Even when they fought and asked a million questions, she loved

"Jennie Prentiss," he said, reaching for her hand. "You look just the same."

them. "Two boys and two girls."

He shook his head. "I can't get over it." He laughed suddenly, without mirth. "Just think, Jen, if we had gotten married that time, I might have four kids now!"

Jennie didn't say anything at all. So he hadn't forgotten. He remembered how much in love they had been—or thought they had been—and he apparently even remembered the way they had talked about getting married someday. Her face reddened again. If he remembered all that, he probably had never forgotten that he had jilted her, just as she had never forgotten.

"It was a long time ago," she said now. "What about your family?"

"Family?" Danny laughed again. "I haven't got any—unless you count Maggie. We're still married, you know. At least I guess you would call it that. We even see each other once in a while. I told you I would make a very successful marriage, didn't I, Jen?"

Jennie nodded. He had told her. The night that she had expected him to give her an engagement ring, he had given her an orchid, instead, and told her that he was marrying Maggie Kent, who wasn't so pretty or so clever or so much fun, but whose father owned a factory and a newspaper and a chain of hotels. "Are you living here in town again?" she asked.

Danny shook his head. "Just passing through. Maggie's in Florida, and I'm on my way back to the West Coast. It works out better that way, Jen. Every once in a while we get together and try to make something of our marriage; but somehow it never lasts."

"I'm sorry," she said, because she didn't know quite what else to say.

"Don't be," he said cheerfully. "We're as happy as most people." He looked at her closely. "We don't have to worry about money; and there's always something new to do or see. We're getting along fine, really."

"My bus is coming," said Jennie abruptly. "I'll have to go." She started toward the curb.

Danny caught her arm. "Don't go yet, Jen. I'll drive you home. My car's down the street."

She hesitated, thinking of the long walk from the bus stop to the house; and in the instant that she wavered, the bus came and passed. "It would be a help," she admitted.

Still holding her arm, he led her down the street and stopped beside a long, expensive car. "Hop in," he said, opening the door.

Jennie slipped inside silently. Everything about Danny shouted money: his clothes; his car; his wife in Florida; his home on the coast. "I should catch the bus," she said abruptly. "I shouldn't take you

out of your way." She was thinking about her own house: the clutter she knew would be in the living room; the children who would be in the midst of a squabble. She couldn't take Danny home.

"Don't be a jerk," he said, pulling away from the curb. "Give me the address and relax."

"619 Crescent," said Jennie.

"How about you, Jen? What have you got besides a husband named Graham and four kids?"

Jennie didn't say anything. She had a house with a mortgage so big that it would never be paid off and a car that was three years old and looked it. She didn't have anything at all that would make an impression on Danny.

He was driving a little too quickly; and she watched the speedometer anxiously. "Tell me about your kids, Jen," he said suddenly. "I used to think some kids around the house might be fun, but we never had any." He shrugged. "Just as well, I guess. You can't yank kids around the country with you."

"They're nice children," she said again, inadequately. She opened her mouth to tell him about Betsy's new tooth and stopped because she sensed that he wasn't really listening at all. He didn't care about her children any more than he cared about not having any of his own, or about Maggie being at one end of the country, while he was at the other.

She had been right. She didn't have anything that would make an impression on Danny, because the only things that mattered to him were the things that he could see and feel and hold in his own two hands.

"It's the house on the corner," said Jennie, pointing. There was a limp rag doll hanging over the veranda railing; and Tommy's tricycle was on the walk. The living room drapes were really impossible; but the house had never looked so good to her before. She thought of the times when she had been tired or worried about money and had wondered, briefly, what it would be like to be married to Danny, and knew that she would never worry again.

He stopped the car in the driveway and reached across to open the door. "I won't come in," he said, looking at the house with distaste. "Maybe some other time."

Jennie hesitated a second. "Thanks, Danny," she said slowly. "Thanks so much for everything."

"It was just a ride home," said Danny. "Don't make such a big thing of it."

"You'll never know how big a thing it was," she said, almost under her breath. She slipped from the car and ran across the wet lawn, up the steps. "I'm home," she called happily as she went into the living room.

A Shovel and Hoe Party

by Loie Brandom

When Labor Day comes along your way,
And you want to make whoop-ee;
Then come to our house and with us play,
Where friends, and food, and fun there'll be.
So look below for the hour, place, and day,
For you'll be most welcome at our spree.

Hour	Address	Date
------	---------	------

Write or print, with a carpenter's blue pencil, the above verse on an irregular-shaped piece of paper torn out by hand from a sheet of brown wrapping paper such as is used in a hardware store.

Decorate the house with various pieces of hardware suggestive of labor of all kinds. Shovels, hoes, pots, pans, and articles of that kind can be utilized in many ways for both decoration and in the games and amusements. For example, a spiderweb can be very effective if woven out of heavy white cord or twine, and stretched across the main room just below the ceiling. Tiny tin pans make safe candlesticks, if enough melted wax is first run into the bottom of the pans to hold the candles upright. Overturned bushel baskets and galvanized buckets make extra seats; and a whole band can be organized, using only kitchen utensils for instruments.

This novel idea may also be carried out in the serving of the refreshments. Serve the coffee, tea, or milk in tin cups. Use pie tins for plates and serving trays for sandwiches, potato chips, pickles, celery sticks, cheese straws, salads, and so on. Even the dessert—pie, cake, ice cream—can be artistically served in attractive little fluted individual baking tins.

As a good mixer to keep the guests circulating and start the fun, place on the head of each arrival a pie tin containing an orange, which he must keep balanced on his head while shaking hands with the other guests present. Each guest who lets his pan and orange slip from his head must pay a forfeit, which is to be redeemed later in the evening.

After this jolly start the guests will perhaps want to sit down for awhile with a more quiet game. So distribute pencils and slips of paper on which the following contest words are written, with the words in parentheses omitted, of course.

Things to be Found in a Hardware Store

1. Pa can use (saucepan);
2. studnap (dustpan);
3. lovesh (shovel);
4. rilld (drill);
5. tubeck (bucket);
6. sinal (nails);
7. mearhm (hammer);
8. was (saw);
9. srielp (pliers);
10. hiscel (chisel);
11. leapn (plane);

12. wortel (trowel);
13. loi nac (oil can);
14. singfih dor (fishing rod);
15. troom (motor).

After ten minutes, the leader may read the correct words out loud, with each contestant scoring his own paper. The one having the longest list of correct guesses wins the prize, which in this case could very appropriately be an egg beater.

A Hardware Hop will prove to be a humorous stunt. Scatter on the floor different objects that can all be found in a hardware store. The player who gathers up and holds the most objects in his arms, while hopping about on one foot, and in a certain allotted time, wins a prize. If, however, a player touches his upraised foot to the floor at any time during the game, he must drop all the things that he has gathered up and begin collecting all over again. Almost any small objects from a hardware store can be awarded as prizes throughout the evening.

The Tin Cup Weight Test. Blindfold each player in turn as he stands near a table, holding a small tin cup in his outstretched hand. A large tin dishpan should be placed beneath the hand that holds the cup in order to catch any overflow. When the player says, "Pour," the leader starts pouring buckshot or "B B's" into the cup, at the same time saying, "Tell me when to stop." The object of the stunt is to get the cup filled to the brim without spilling over. The blindfolded player must guess from the weight, from the sound that the shot makes when going into the cup, or in any other way, when to say, "Stop." If the player lets any of the contents of the cup spill over, he is out of the game. If not, a judge then weighs the cup and contents, and the exact weight is recorded. The contestant whose cup weighs the most wins the award.

Hardware Store. Form two equal lines of players. The leader calls some letter of the alphabet; and the players at the head of the lines compete to see which one can first name an article to be found in a hardware store, beginning with the letter that the leader has called. The one who first names an article stays in the game, but goes to the foot of his line. The one who misses is out of the game. Any player who prompts or speaks out of turn must leave the game. The number two player of each line then has a turn at naming an object beginning with another letter called by the leader, and so on until one side is completely eliminated. With a good leader and wide-awake contestants, this game can be very lively.

A Tin Pan Relay Race. Divide the contestants into groups of equal number and line them up in

(Continued on page 28)

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR MARRIAGE



by Lloyd V. Channels

Both newlyweds and those who have been married for a score of years will find this article helpful.

"Will you please tell us in plain language how to make a good marriage?" This challenge came in response to the announcement of a series of discussion meetings on the theme of Christian family life. There must be thousands of men and women who are asking this question in their hearts, if not with their lips. They have not found in their marriages the happiness which they sought and expected. They have some vision of what marriage ought to be, but have not been able to find the road that leads to the shining goal. Perhaps they see the first signs of that process of disintegration which leads toward the divorce court. And they want help. They want to know how to make the most of this relationship in which they are to be involved for the rest of their lives.

Recognizing that our situations and needs are different, I have listed ten suggestions by which almost any marriage can be improved. They are a composite description of those marriages which seem to be good; of those relationships which seem to be producing the most joy and happiness for the people involved.

1. *Keep in touch with God.*

Marriage was ordained by God when he created in men and women a great and lasting need for each other. This need is more

than physical; it is psychological, social, and spiritual. In the Genesis creation story God says, "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make a helper fit for him." God has made us, male and female, for fellowship with each other: "Therefore a man leaves his father and his mother and cleaves to his wife, and they become one flesh."

But God has also made us for fellowship with himself. Just as men and women need each other, so they also need God. We need to keep in touch with the God who made us. We need to thank him for what we have, and for what we are. We need the guidance and instruction of God in our marriages. Read the Bible sometime with this thought in mind: "What is God saying to my wife and me in our marriage relationship?" "Forgive one another." "Love one another as I have loved you." "Be kind to one another." "You shall not commit adultery." "Do unto others as you would like to have them do unto you." Paul's chapter on love is especially appropriate.

There are many ways of keeping in touch with God—prayer, worship, meditation, thinking, reading the Bible, service, and obedience. Any and all of these will help us make the most of our marriage.

2. *Express your love for each other.*

This is one of the deepest, most basic of all our human needs. From the moment of our birth we want to be loved. By the time we reach adulthood, the need may be disguised and even denied, but it is still there. Don't ever forget it. No one knows how much of our unhappiness, and how many of our human ills from the cradle to the grave, result from denial or failure to recognize this need to be loved.

How long has it been since you told your wife that you love her? Well, maybe you don't tell her very often. But if you don't tell her, do you show her? Do you express your love in some way that she can recognize? If you have any imagination, you should be able to think of scores of ways of expressing your love for each other. Kiss her good-by when you leave in the morning, and again when you come home at night—and not just a peek on the cheek either! A special little gift now and then—flowers, candy, a book, a necktie! Honest praise and appreciation of what each one does to keep the homefires burning! Caring for each other in sickness! Holding hands in the movies, or even in church! Helping each other around the house! Praising each other when you are with

your friends, so that they will know how you feel about each other! Many couples give their friends the impression that they are enemies, instead of sweethearts. The physical relationship in marriage should be an expression of mutual love!

Now, it is an interesting thing that our love increases and grows as we give expression to it. It is like investing money at compound interest. The more we invest, the more we have. It is also true that the more we love other people, and show it, the more they will love us. Expressing our love for each other will help us make the most of our marriages.

2. Practice the Golden Rule.

Treat each other as you yourself like to be treated. We have been taught this all our lives. We often claim that it is a summary of our religion. And then we forget all about it! Suppose the husband is one of these "do it yourself" guys. He makes a table, which he thinks is pretty nice. But the wife takes one look at it and exclaims, "I'm not going to have that thing in my house!" She has forgotten the Golden Rule; for she is also a "do it yourself" person. She has just made a dress. Pretty nice, she thinks. When she wears it, she doesn't want him to say, "Good heavens! You're not going to wear that, are you?"

Think about the Golden Rule before you criticize your wife's cooking, and before you criticize your husband in public. Think about the Golden Rule before you nag at your husband for playing golf, or nag at your wife for going to the women's club. Think about the Golden Rule before you forget to tell her how pretty she looks, or how handsome he looks.

The Golden Rule is a positive program for action. It puts all the responsibility on you, whoever you are, to treat others as you like to be treated. Its practice would give a strong shot-in-the-arm to our marriages.

4. Learn how to deal with differences.

As two people live together, they

soon discover that, however much they love each other, there are differences between them: One thinks this way, the other thinks that way; one likes this, the other likes that; one wants one thing, the other wants something else. Some of these differences are of minor importance; others are of major importance. Many a marriage has gone on the rocks because the two people involved did not know how to handle their differences.

Neither party should always insist on having his own way; for there is bound to be conflict. When an irresistible force, represented by the wife, meets an immovable object, represented by the husband, there will be an inconceivable impact.

One way to solve the problems created by our differences is for one party to give in and let the other have his way. But it shouldn't always be the same one who gives in! In the long run it should come out even. The one who does the giving in should do it graciously and without grumbling.

Another way to deal with differences is for each one to leave his own position and seek a new one which will be satisfactory to both. Many couples have done this with regard to the church. She was raised a Methodist; he, a Presbyterian. So they settle for a Baptist church, or some other that will be acceptable to both.

In dealing with these problems it is important to keep in communication with each other. It is not fair for one party to clam up and refuse to talk about the issue. Many problems can be solved if we keep talking about them long enough—not just expressing our own point of view, but also listening to the other's point of view. Sometimes it helps to talk to a third person about the problem.

Learning to deal with differences will help us get the most out of our marriage.

5. Cultivate some common interests and enthusiasms.

Marriage should be a "we" rather than an "I" and "you" re-

lationship. Husbands and wives should come to think and talk and plan in terms of "we." To do this is a great spiritual achievement, indicating that we have moved out of self-centeredness into togetherness. In marriage we can each lose ourselves in the unity of marriage without losing our identity as individuals. Indeed, it is in our togetherness that we become most fully ourselves.

There is an almost infinite number of ways in which the togetherness of marriage can be cultivated. The mere fact that we live together in the same house is important. The physical union of husband and wife both expresses their togetherness and contributes to it. Sharing the family income and deciding how it shall be spent—planning for special needs, giving up one thing in order to get another—all of this economic side of our lives should help to bind us together. The things that we do with our leisure time—the games that we play, the trips that we take, the friends that we visit, the books that we read, the music that we listen to—all of these should contribute to the "we" relationship of marriage.

Our life together in the church is also important in this binding together process. When a man and wife worship together, pray together, sing together, strive together for the same goals, work together in the same church, they will develop a unity in God as well as with each other. It is no accident that the percentage of divorces among people who go to the same church is much less than among those who go to different churches, or to no church at all.

Although our emphasis should be upon the things which unite us, there should also be room in marriage for each person to do some things by himself. Each one should recognize the other's right and need to be a separate and unique personality. It is good to have some spaces in our togetherness. Maybe John is crazy about fishing, and Mary is crazy about gardening. These are interests which they do not share. They

can at least respect each other's interests, however, and perhaps develop some enthusiasm for them.

6. *Participate in the larger life of the community.*

The marriage relationship needs to be fed, from the inside and the outside. We feed it from the inside with our own love, and with all that we bring to marriage out of our own past experiences. We can feed it from the outside by relating ourselves to the on-going life of the community in which we live. Some community activities are social and recreational. Others are inspirational and educational. We should have some part in all of them. We don't do these things only for our own benefit, however. We do them for the benefit of the community as a whole. We have something to share with others, just as they have something to share with us. We grow with our sharing and giving, as well as with our receiving.

The trouble with many of the marriages that go on the rocks is simply that they are too ingrown. A man and woman start out by loving each other, but that isn't enough. They must also learn to love other things together.

7. *Recognize that things, gadgets, and possessions are accessories to life. They are not life itself.*

Many a marriage has gone to pieces because too much attention, time, and money was spent in the pursuit of gadgets of one kind or another. Not that it isn't good to have them—if you can have them and keep your marriage on an even keel at the same time. A lot of people can't do that, however. Their love for things is greater than their love for each other.

Before you say that this would never happen in your case, do you ever pester your husband to buy you something for which the money isn't available? That indicates that possessions are more important to you than your marriage. You may end up with new living room furniture, but no husband.

Or perhaps the man of the fam-

ily insists on having a new car each year, even though you can't afford it, and it keeps you constantly in debt. That debt hangs over your heads all the time. It keeps you from doing things that you ought to do; from having things that you ought to have. It is a source of irritation, a subject of frequent quarrels. You may end up with a new car, but no wife.

Remember that in marriage the relationship between the two of you is the most important thing—more important than anything that you can buy, or anything that you cannot buy!

8. *Cultivate a proper regard for the importance of little things.*

Little things can destroy a human relationship, if we are little enough to let them. It is only little people who allow themselves to be ruled by the tyranny of trifles. If we are big enough, we can put these little things in their proper place, or laugh them off, or ignore them. A little stone in your shoe can make your foot sore; but you can always get rid of the stone. In the same way, if your husband

has done some little thing which annoys you, you had better get rid of it. Forgive him, or forget, or laugh at it, but don't let it cripple your marriage. Don't be little enough to let little things get you down.

On the other hand, don't keep throwing sand into the machinery of your life together. Why be so foolish as to keep doing the little things which annoy your partner in marriage? If a little thing like not hanging up your clothes irritates her, then be big enough to hang them up. If driving sixty miles an hour makes her nervous, then slow down to fifty. If he doesn't like beans for lunch, then don't serve beans so often.

Of course, little things can build up a marriage, as well as tear it down. Little compliments, little courtesies, little attentions, little acts of helpfulness keep things running smoothly.

9. *Stay with your marriage, even when the road gets rough.*

Marriage is supposed to be a lifelong relationship. We are not married for one year, or five years, (Continued on page 28.)

Photo by orb



Even such routine duties as washing and drying the dishes can be fun for the married couple who have developed a wholesome, adult relationship.

Christian Attitudes Toward Non-Christian Neighbors

"Begin where your pupils are" is one of the maxims of good teaching. It can apply to your neighbors as well in the matter of putting Christianity to practice where you live. But how are you going to approach your neighbor "where he is"?

Would you go up to him while he's power-mowing his lawn and shout above the motor that he should be in Sunday church school instead? Of course not. First you get to know your neighbor, whether you are in a city apartment, a farm home, or suburban residential neighborhood. You can't get to first base with a non-Christian or an indifferent, one-time Christian if he doesn't know you.

The matter of approach depends upon you as a Christian, on the type of personality of your neighbor, and on the circumstances surrounding all your contacts. Have you shown your Christian colors to your neighbors in everyday dealings, such as being willing to lend a wheelbarrow or to water their lawn when they're away? Have you reprimanded their youngsters when they overturned your garbage can or hit their dog when he has scattered your paper?

Let's be realistic about this problem. We're living in a changing world; and the changes involve our approach to people in the matter of witnessing as much as they involve changing procedures in business and housekeeping methods.

The problem of disinterest almost supersedes outright antagonism among non-Christian neighbors. There is no pat answer on how to interest these people, because it is an individualistic problem. The disinterest may stem from the attitude of "I had to go to church as a kid; but now that I'm on my own, I can do as I please." This is a defense mechanism that plagues church visitors and potential soul winners.

We would like to think that all our actions and conversations as Christians testify to the fact that we *are* Christians. But this is where we need to take a good look at ourselves. How well do we want—and let—the world to know that we're Christians? I had a minister once who used to say that if you truly think, act, and talk as a Christian, "your celestial glow will give you away."

How many of us can honestly say as Christians

that "our celestial glow gives us away"?

The minor frustrations of modern living spill over into the business of being neighborly; of meeting your neighbor "where he is," mentally, socially, and spiritually. With the growth of our country, an expanding population, and increasing demands on people's time, we have gotten away from the more personal aspects of life, the concern for our fellow man.

We hear that a neighbor has lost her husband and is left with five young children. Or another neighbor is thrown into utter consternation because her daughter runs off and marries in secret. Another is tied down with an elderly person in the home, possibly an invalid. These are typical of situations involving people whom we know and to whom we can show our Christian spirit through helpfulness or maybe just a sympathetic ear.

As Christians we can help these neighbors by translating our ideals into action. You could baby sit for the widow who needs to start life all over again and find new patterns of living. You could be a consolation to the disappointed mother and father of the girl who eloped. You could read to the elderly relative in the home, so that your neighbor could have a respite from the routine.

What we need in the business of contact with non-Christian neighbors is the personal, or person-to-person approach. Find out their religious backgrounds, if any. See if they would be willing to visit your church or Sunday church school. Maybe you can get your foot in the door by taking their children to Sunday church school. If they show an interest in another denomination, offer to go with them or call the pastor of a church of that belief and tell him about this potentiality.

Witness President Eisenhower's concern for personalizing relationships. It resulted in a vast program called "People to People." Here is a plan that could work with Christians who were united in efforts to spread Christianity in a different manner from the usual missionary approach. This would involve all Christians in their everyday lives, wherever they live or travel or work.

"People to People" is simply a program of communication between Americans and citizens of other

by Mary Louise Miller



Photo by erb

"What we need in the business of contact with non-Christian neighbors is the personal, or person-to-person approach."

lands, based on mutual interests, for the purpose of establishing two-way relationships on which to build international friendship and understanding. Its ultimate purpose is preservation of American ideology in the face of the Communist threat of world domination.

In personalizing Christianity on a neighborly basis, perhaps you can interest couples or a mixed group of adults in a Bible study class. This could be an informal group of people in your apartment area, neighborhood, or town. If you're in a big church, particularly one that serves a widely scattered

membership, you might use the "parish plan" approach followed by many large city churches. We go back to the "People to People" idea. This is a personal matter; and it will take prayer and thoughtful action on the part of a Christian who is concerned about reaching his non-Christian neighbors.

Too often we are victims of the old cliché, "What you are speaks so loudly I cannot hear what you say." We need, as Christians, to try to adhere more closely to the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, and the Sermon on the Mount. What better rules of Christian living have been advanced?

Sun rays streamed through my bedside window as I woke one morning hearing this chant:

"Dust, dust
Catch the dust
Sunshine and dust
Catch the dust."

With my mind fresh from sleep I was open, perhaps for the first time, to the charm of a four-year-old poetess. As I listened, I marveled at the simplicity and loveliness in Patty's verse. All day I listened, and learned that any moment might find her turning from the prosaic and literal in favor of poetry to enlarge upon her thoughts.

As she dressed that morning, I heard a tuneless humming come from her room. Soon there was a

gift for poetic expression, a gift that is common in most young children. I became sensitive to her playmates' speech as well, and caught frequent snatches of lively and novel word patterns. This ability to make music with words is the child's heritage from God, as precious as any of God's gifts. It should be valued and preserved as such.

All children have vivid impressions, and they react spontaneously. They are natural poets because they immediately translate what their senses tell them into word pictures.

As I tuned in more often on children's speech, I learned why all of their verse is unrhymed. I noticed that Patty never deliberated her choice of words, but let

Congo." Its "boom, boom, boom" brought an enthusiastic response, not because she understood all the words, but because she enjoyed the repetitious sound movements.

To help Patty preserve and develop her natural poetic bent I borrowed some techniques recommended by nursery school educators. First, I alerted her to the loveliness in her speech by remarking upon her descriptions of homey, everyday happenings. Once, for example, when she was attempting to lace her shoe she declared,

"Funny shoestrung,
Silly shoestrung
It won't go where I want it to.

When I am older
You will see
It will do what I want it to."

Children Are Natural Poets

by Carol Z. Grossman

break in her rhythmic monotone, and she repeated to herself:

"I'm all dressed up
In my new scarf.
It hugs me tight
And makes me feel dancey.
Round and round,
Round and round
With my huggy scarf
Going round too."

Later, when she was building with blocks, I heard the following accompaniment:

"I put block on block,
Block on block.
A long one here
And there a short one.
And now the blocks start to
say something.
It is a house,
A bigger-than-me house.
It stretches up
And spreads way out."

Though I'm sure that Patty is not a potential Emily Dickenson, I was delighted to discover her

them come out as a result of fleeting and often forceful emotions. Neither was she interested in impressing or entertaining others. She was involved with her feelings about an activity, a scene, or a recent experience, not in making a poem.

I suppose that the mature poet, even though he has learned to discipline his mind, works in much the same way, by retaining entrance to his subconscious so that he can draw out that which is most incisive and emotionally valid.

Like other children, Patty has also an underlying sense of rhythm. As a baby, she shook her rattle with a definite beat. Her first utterance of "da da" was in measured time. As she learned new words, she incorporated them into rhythmic patterns. By the time she spoke in sentences, she was creating cadenced verse.

Once, just for the fun of witnessing Patty's reaction, I read her Vachel Lindsay's "In the

"Yes, I think it will," I replied, and added, "That was an interesting story you told me about your shoestrung."

Indirectly, by stressing the familiar; I was discrediting the idea that only witches or brownies or fairies are proper characters for little tales, and letting her know that she was capable of originating her own ideas. My purpose was to help her have an awareness of the power of words to communicate thought, and of her own ability to handle language effectively.

In the beginning I was careful not to block her efforts by making her feel self-conscious. I waited until she produced a story independently and then casually commented upon it in a way that let her know I understand her meaning and enjoyed sharing her thoughts.

After a time I kept a notebook handy, and when she wasn't looking, I jotted down her verses. Later I read them back to her. She



Children's enthusiasm and zest for living finds expression in simple poetry. Everyday situations and experiences, which are so uninspiring to adults, will stimulate poetic response in small children.

Use this innate talent as a springboard to help your children appreciate good poetry.

thought this was great fun, and would often make a point of correcting or improving upon some of the words. I didn't want her to think that her story making was unique, though. So I recorded sayings of her friends as well, and introduced them by explaining, "This is what Linda said when she saw your new dress," or, "Here is how Tommy feels when he is catching butterflies."

It was a long time before Patty was ready to produce a story upon request; and I was in no hurry either, since I knew that stress upon performance might cause her to lose some of her spontaneity.

We always set aside a time during the day when we were alone together. During these times we reviewed recent events, and talked over Patty's angers and fears as well. Gradually, some of her colorful language crept into our talks, in response to such questions as, "What animal in the zoo did you like best?" If her answer was brief, I almost always heard an

elaboration when I asked, "Why?"

She was an avid asker of questions, too; and I tried as well and as faithfully as I could to explore the answers with her. Gradually, she broadened her knowledge of the real world and had a richer background for her poetizing. She showed progressively fewer "flights of fancy" based upon misinformation, and more genuine imagination.

In selecting her books, I favored those dealing with familiar ideas. After she had a new experience, such as a train ride, I searched for a book with a similar idea in it. Invariably, she was anxious to embellish the tale by giving her own impressions.

Two classic story collections that Patty has asked me to read again and again are *The Here and Now Story Book*, by Lucy Sprague Mitchell, and *Told Under the Blue Umbrella*, which was compiled by the Literature Committee of the Association for Childhood Education International. Both for story

and poetic content, these books are particularly well-adapted to the interests of the young child. When she is old enough to comprehend the Bible, she will have, I hope, the foundation to enable her to appreciate its poetic richness.

I also searched the library for books of poetry; but it is very difficult to find cadenced verse that is not too mature for a preschool-age child. It is well worth the effort, though, to discover verse that is near to the child and beautifully written as well. One instance of such a book with a story line in poetic form is Alice E. Goudey's *The Good Rain*.

I found a remarkable book, *Poems by a Little Girl*, composed by Hilda Conkling when she was between the ages of four and nine. Hilda's mother, an assistant professor of English at Smith College, nurtured her talent and preserved her finest passages for this book, published in 1920. I read some of these verses to Patty, and told her that they were made up by a little girl just her age.

If offered in small doses and read with a feeling for the words, books such as these can, I believe, influence the child's later use of language. They counterbalance Mother Goose and television, which often present engaging poetry that is not to be ignored, but do tend to leave the impression that poetry, to be good, must be rhymed.

Of course, I don't wish to exclude fine poets such as Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg, who wrote a lot of rhymed verse for young readers. Nevertheless, I would rather introduce Patty to these poets after she has become discriminating enough to value descriptive beauty above the rhyming of words.

Just as overemphasis upon rhyming might force Patty to contrive her poetry, I think that too rigid insistence upon correct grammar might hamper her from expressing her thoughts freely. I can't easily help her feel that her story is worth telling if, at the same time, I must remind her that she has made a grammatical error.

(Continued on page 30)



TWO BABY

by Do

One baby chicken all alone,
Doesn't know what to do:
Looks this and that way—
Looks up and down—
Looks straight at me and at you.

Two baby chickens hunt for food,
Hungry and frightened, too:
Chirping and scratching and
Scratching and chirping
They still wonder what to do.



CHICKENS

ore Demaree

Two baby chickens hover close,
Shivering now with cold:
 Wondering where home is—
 Wondering where food is—
They wish they had not been so bold.

Two baby chickens back in the box
Where they will not be cold:
 Never to stray again—
 Never to hunger again—
Always to stay as they're told.



Worship in the family with children

To Use with Younger Children

Mary Beth's Kittens

Mary Beth did not have a sister. She did not have a brother. She did not have a playmate. "I wish I had someone to play with," she said many times.

When Mary Beth's birthday came, her nicest gift came in a strange looking box. It had little round holes punched in it. Before Mary Beth got the box open, she heard a meowing. "Oh, oh," she squealed in delight. "It's a kitty!" When she finally got the box open, there was not one kitty, but two!

Mary Beth was very happy with her birthday present. She liked to pet the kittens. She liked to feel their soft fur. She liked to give them a saucer of milk. She like to hear them purr. But she did not like to have them sleep so much.

"Why don't they stay awake and play with me?" she asked.

"Kittens need to sleep so that they will grow," Mother said.

"That is God's plan for kittens. Every baby needs to sleep so it will grow."

"Even girl babies?" Mary Beth asked.

"Yes," Mother answered, "even girl babies. When you were a baby, you slept even more than the kittens do!"

"I did?" Mary Beth asked.

Mother nodded. "You still need lots of sleep, too," Mother went on. "You need to take a nap every day. You need to go to bed early each evening. That is God's plan for children. You've grown so much that I have to make you a new sweater, you know."

Mary Beth nodded this time. "It's nice to grow," she said, "and have birthdays. It's nice to have new sweaters and new clothes."

"It's nice to grow in other ways, too," Mother said.

When Mary Beth went to play with the kittens, she could not find them. They were not in their lit-

tle bed. They were not lapping milk with their little pink tongues. They were not playing with their rubber mice.

"Kitties, kitties," Mary Beth called. "Where are you?" The kitties did not come running.

"Mother, have you seen the kitties? I can't find them."

"No," Mother answered, "but I'm sure they are here somewhere."

As Mary Beth went into the living room, she saw a ball of yarn beside Mother's chair. She went to pick it up. When she got close to the chair, she saw something else! Both kittens were curled up in Mother's basket, fast asleep!

Quietly, Mary Beth tiptoed to the kitchen. She whispered, "I've found the kittens! Come and see! But be quiet. They're asleep."

Mother tiptoed behind Mary Beth. They looked at one another and smiled. Then they went back to the kitchen. "Do you know," Mother said, "you've grown in another way this very morning! You are big enough to let the kittens sleep."

"It's fun to grow in this way, too," Mary Beth said. And it was.

Erving Galloway



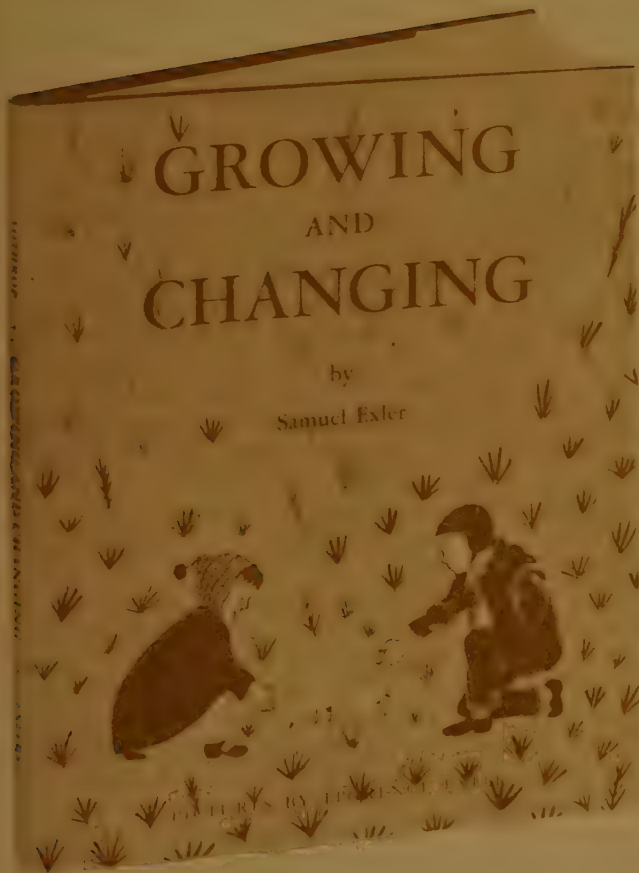
Theme for September Growing in My World

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of the materials fit into the meditations in that booklet.

To Use with Older Children

Growing



Everyone wants to grow! A baby is born with an unconscious urge toward growth. He doesn't consciously realize it, of course; but as soon as he is big enough to talk, he begins to talk about the time when he will be bigger; of what he will do then; of what he wants to be when he grows up.

Even tiny seeds must have this same instinct for growth. Their tender little green shoots push up through ground so hard, sometimes, that it is difficult to break it with a hoe. But they continue to grow! Tiny baby trees have been known to grow through rocks, and to split them with the force of their growing.

To grow means to change. You need only to watch any living thing to know that this is true. Watch a plant as it pushes through the ground. Then look at it a few days later. You will be surprised at the change in it! Watch a kitten or a puppy as it grows. See the changes that take place in its body, its face, its way of acting. Watch a baby growing. See how he changes as he grows. Each living thing has its own way of changing.

Even grown-ups may continue to grow. They do not grow taller, perhaps; but they grow in other ways that are not so easily seen. They may grow new ideas or change their attitudes. For example,

sometimes persons grow up physically with an idea that the church is just for them and others like them. When they come to realize that the church is for all people, everywhere around the world, regardless of color or race, they are growing.

Two books are pictured on this page. You will enjoy reading *Growing and Changing*, by Samuel Exler. It tells about many different kinds of changes, such as the weather and the seasons. It also tells about the many ways in which children grow and change. The other book, *Growing Up*, by Jean Fritz, is for young children. If you happen to have a copy of this book, or can get one, and if you have a younger brother or sister or neighbor, read it to him. By doing this you may be able to show the ways in which you have grown.

All of this growing and changing is part of God's wonderful plan. Jesus grew because it was part of God's plan then; you are growing because it is part of God's plan for children now. Try to think of ways in which you have grown: in body, mind, feelings, attitudes, ideas, ability to get along with others. You may want to list these, and with them, any questions that you may have about the whole process of growth. Talk with your parents, your church school teacher, or your minister about your questions. Talk with your friends, too; for they may have the same questions that you have, which you can help to answer.



For Family Worship

Growing Up

Now that I am growing older
I almost reach to Daddy's shoulder.
My mother says (I guess she
knows),
I'm growing out of all my clothes!

So many, many things I know
I did not know a year ago.
I found that I could read today
A harder book than yesterday.

Dear God, give me more love for
you
So that my heart grows bigger,
too.

—Belle Chapman Morrill

For Friendliness

Thank you, Father, for my friends
Both large and small,
Near at hand and far away,
God bless them all.
Teach us to be friendly
In everything we do,
Playing fair, and taking turns,
Saying what is true,
Loving one another
Ready to forgive;
So we'll make a better world
In which to live.

—Margaret Clemens McDowell¹

¹From *Story World*. Copyright, 1954,
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Society. Used by permission.

Gardening with God

I went into the garden
And sowed some tiny seeds,
And when the plants began to
come
I dug away the weeds.
Then as the plants began to bloom,
It seemed to me quite plain
That God had helped me all the
while
By sending sun and rain.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

A Prayer

I'll do the right
With all my might,
I'll shun the wrong.
At work or play
On every day,
God keep me strong.

—Anonymous

Prayer

Dear God, we don't know how
things grow, but we are glad to
grow! Thank you for your plan
for dogs, flowers, and for children
to grow. We're glad to learn, for
we know that that is another way
of growing. Amen.

Worship Center:

If your family is accustomed to
having a worship center to help
to create the mood of worship, the
open Bible and a simple flower
arrangement may be used.

Call to Worship:

And Jesus increased in wisdom
and in stature, and in favor with
God and man.—Luke 2:52.

Song: Use your favorite hymn or
choose between "Glad I Am to
Grow," found in the primary pup-
il's book for the first year, sum-
mer quarter, page 45, and "A
Birthday Wish," primary pupil's
book, year two, summer quarter,
page 45.

Meditation: Plan your own medi-
tation based upon a favorite pas-
sage of scripture, the poems
printed on this page, the call to
worship; or choose from the fol-
lowing: "Growing and Learn-
ing," primary pupil's book, year
one, summer, page 43; "How Jesus
Grew," primary pupil's book, year
two, winter, beginning on page 33;
from the primary pupil's book,
year two, summer, "Growing in
Wisdom," page 34, or "Some
Verses from the Bible," page 35.

Poem: Choose from the poems
printed on this page, or choose
from the primary pupil's book
year two, winter, "A Morning
Prayer," page 34, or "On a Birth-
day," page 43.

Picture Study: You may have a
favorite picture of the boy Jesus
or of a child growing that you
would like to study with your fam-
ily; or you may use "Picture
Study," found in the primary pup-
il's book, year two, winter, page
32.

Prayer: Pray your own prayer,
use the one printed on this page,
or choose between "Prayer on a
Birthday," primary pupil's book,
year two, summer, page 36, or from
the primary pupil's book for year
three, winter quarter, "At School,"
"In Games," "When I Have Work
to Do," found on pages 30 and 31.

Song: Use the song not pre-
viously used from those suggested
in the paragraph "Songs" above.

Ewing Galloway



Eric's New Toys

by Enola Chamberlin

Eric came slowly into the house. He looked very unhappy.

"That's the end!" he said. "I'm not going to let Byron play with anything of mine ever again."

"Now what?" Mother asked.

"Last week I let Byron ride my trike, and he broke it," Eric said.

"Your new trike?" Mother asked.

"No, my old one. I wouldn't let him ride my new one," Eric said.

"But it was broken anyhow," Mother said.

"It could still be ridden slowly," Eric explained.

"Then yesterday I let him use my skates, and he broke them."

"Your new ones?" Mother asked.

"No, my old ones," Eric said.

"But they were broken anyhow," Mother said.

Eric looked more unhappy than ever. "The wheels were only a little bit square," he said. "Then just now I let him coast in my wagon, and he broke that."

"Your new wagon?" Mother asked.

"No, my old one," Eric said.

"But it was broken a long time ago," Mother said.

"The wheels would stay on sometimes," Eric said.

"Do you ever let Byron play with your new things?" Mother asked.

"No-o-o," Eric said.

"Does he let you play with his new toys?"

"He has to. He doesn't have any old ones. He gave them away."

"And you kept your old ones to let him and other boys play with so you wouldn't have to let them play with your new ones?" Mother asked.

"I want to play with my new things myself," Eric said.

"If that's what you want, go play with them," Mother said. "But before you go, I wish you would



look out of this window."

Eric looked. He saw Byron pushing his new pedal auto, while Matthew rode. He saw the little car tip over on the lawn. He saw both boys roll with laughter. They turned somersaults together. They got up still laughing, and Matthew pushed Eric in the little car.

"They are very happy playing together," Mother said. "You had better go out the back way to play with your new things."

(Continued on page 28)

The Tattle-Tale Scar

(an Aunt Ludie story)

by Mary Savage

Aunt Ludie cooked for my grandmother for years and years. She was the nicest, dearest old lady in the whole world. She could make the BEST cookies, and, best of all, she knew so many stories! I think we loved Aunt Ludie best for her delightful and wonderful stories.

One summer when my brother and I were visiting Grandmother, she gave us permission to go on a picnic. She asked Aunt Ludie to go along to keep an eye on us. Soon we were romping and playing along the banks of a little creek, while Aunt Ludie spread



our lunch on a big red checkered tablecloth. After we had eaten, we sat down in the shade of a big oak tree and asked Aunt Ludie for a story.

"Sure now," she chuckled, "I was just sitting here thinking about something that happened to me when I was just about your size."

"My mother was always telling me, OPEN UP YOUR MIND, LUDIE! Well, maybe I didn't know exactly what she meant until this happened. Then I found out that every time anybody learns something, he is growing in his mind just as he grows tall in his body. Now sit still and let me tell you about the day that I really learned to open up my mind."

"You remember I told you that a long time ago my mother worked for your great grandmother. Well, they had told your grandmother and me that we could play on the big front lawn or in the garden or out in the peach orchard—just about anywhere as long as we stayed around the home place. One day Judy, a little neighbor girl, your grandmother, and I slipped off and went down to the creek. It was just about like this one. We sure had a fine time. We waded and caught crawdads and frogs. Then we thought we would build a cave in the creek bank. We hunted up some sticks to help rake the sand out, and pretty soon we had a fine cave. We forgot all about the time, and we didn't even stop to think that our folks might be worrying about us. I guess we were too busy playing."

"When the cave was finished, your grandmother crawled way into the back, and I was right behind her. Judy was just starting to come in, when the roof of the cave fell in on us. I was just as scared as I could be! I couldn't get my breath for the sand."

(Continued on page 28)



In school, scout groups, and other organizations children associate with contemporaries of other religions. They are likely to ask you questions such as, "Why can't Theresa eat meat on Friday?" or "Why does Reuben's church have a big star at the front?"

by Doris Clore Demaree

YOUR CHILD AND RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES

It is almost inconceivable that there was ever a time when any child living in our country was not aware that there were persons with religious beliefs and practices different from those of his own family. Certainly, today our children are continually being confronted with evidences of these differences.

Television transports the child and his family into a wide variety of worship situations in a real and graphic manner. The high mobility of a large proportion of our population brings our children into first-hand contacts with other children whose faith and religious practices may be very similar or widely different from their own.

"Why don't we go to the church down the street on the corner? Why do we travel clear across town?" These must be questions in the mind, if not on the lips, of many a child today as he moves from place to place with his family.

Even in neighborhoods and within schoolrooms the

children are made aware of the different religious holidays, religious family customs, and other church practices. They also become very much aware of the differences in the practices of those who have some relationships and loyalties and those from homes where there seem to be few or no religious ties of any sort.

"Rachel didn't come to school today. Teacher said she was celebrating the New Year, but, Mother, how can that be? It's a long time until New Year," questions and wonders your child.

"Why can't I go fishing with Johnny on Sunday morning? Why do I have to go to church?" your son may ask. "Johnny doesn't *ever* have to go to church. None of his family go to church."

The child's next door neighbor or closest friend may be Jewish, Catholic, Unitarian, even Buddhist or other Oriental religious background. Even if he is from a Protestant home, his religious practices and

Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups

beliefs may be very different from those of your own child.

"Bill says he was baptized when he was a baby," volunteered Jerry one day. "How could they put a baby clear under the water?"

"It's fish for me today," is heard on certain days in the lunchroom.

"I started to take communion," said the foreign Catholic student after visiting in our church on Sunday morning, "and then I remembered that I couldn't, because I had eaten breakfast."

Being confronted in so many ways with the many religious practices and beliefs of others may startle the child and dramatize for him the *differences*; but it is just as likely to emphasize and draw to his attention the similarities or likenesses of practices and beliefs of families related to other religious bodies.

"A lot of the hymns 'they' sing are just like ours," a child discovers excitedly.

"The Jews, the Catholics, and the Protestants all worship the same God," your son may marvel. "And in some other religions it is just about the same, only they call God by a different name." The Indians, for instance, worshiped what they called "The Great Spirit."

Being aware of differences may because of their very nature give rise to feelings and attitudes of prejudice, intolerance, bigotry, and even ridicule. Such feelings are very likely to find expression in un-Christian relationships and actions. Children often imitate adult expressions of these same feelings. In fact, the child's feelings themselves may be more the mirroring of such expressions by adults rather than from his own observations and experiences with persons of other religious loyalties.

On the other hand, if parents and other adults with whom the child associates stress the similarities between their own religious practices and those of others, and if they speak tolerantly and understandingly of different religions, the child will likewise become more tolerant and understanding.

Take the matter of the church's outreach. "Why can't I ask Bill and Carol to our church?" queries your child, who somehow has caught something of the evangelistic zeal of his elders.

"Certainly, we would *like* to have them come to our church," you might reply, "but Bill and Carol's father and mother belong to a different church from

ours. Just as we want you to belong to *our* church, their parents want them to belong to theirs. It wouldn't be right for us to ask them except to visit." You hope that your child understands what you mean.

Then one day he casually remarks, "There was a new boy at school today. I invited him to our church; but he said he was Methodist. So I told Carol and Bill to invite him to their church—it's Methodist."

The normal child is a questioning child. No one is more aware of this than are his parents. *Why* is one of the most used words of childhood: "Why does God spoil our picnic with rain?" "Why did God let our baby die?" "Why does Mary's church have a cross on top?" "Why can't Bill eat fish on Friday?" "Why doesn't Jacob have the New Testament in his Bible?" "Why can't—? Why? WHY?"

Asking questions is a way of learning. Questioning, thinking, experimenting, and reasoning are ways of growing. As children become aware of differences and likenesses, there will be questions, though not always are they voiced. Parents, teachers, and Christian educators are becoming aware of the problems, opportunities, and responsibilities growing out of the child's awareness of the religious beliefs and practices within his community and even within the world.

Writers have tackled the problem. Many of the chapters in the book *When Children Ask* (revised edition), by Marguerite Harmon Bro, are related somewhat to this problem. The chapter "What of the Church?" has much to say to us in this area of concern.

How can one strengthen his own child's faith and practices and at the same time develop within him the willingness to grant to others the same right to their own choice of religion?

We suggest two major actions on the part of parents and teachers as well as others concerned. (1) Strengthen your own faith. What are the beliefs of your own church? Do you really believe as your church believes? Or have your own words of affirmation been hollow mimicry of someone else's affirmations? What do you know of the religious heritage of your church? How did it come to be? Why did it come into being? Why have men lived and died for it? What have you done because you believe as you do? Strengthening your own faith may mean more Bible study, more personal and family devo-

tions, and more active participation in corporate worship and in the whole life of your church.

Strengthening and deepening your own faith is not enough. One must (2) have some knowledge and sympathetic understanding of the religions of others. One can read. *One God—The Ways We Worship Him*, by Florence Fitch, will help you and your child

to understand something of the Jewish and Catholic religions and many Protestant beliefs and practices. A series of pamphlets published by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith will help you to understand better about certain Jewish beliefs and practices. *Your Neighbor Celebrates* and *Your Neighbor Worships* are two that are especially helpful.

For "Your Child and Religious Differences"

Study Guide

I. The Leader's Preparation for the Meeting

1. Read carefully the article "Your Child and Religious Differences." It will be very helpful if each one who will be in your discussion group has read this article. This may mean that you will need to arrange for sharing copies of this issue of *Hearthstone*.

2. Decide what your own purpose for this particular meeting will be. It may be "to create an interest in the problems caused by religious differences that will result in some desired action to strengthen the faith of the parents so that they can better help to strengthen the faith of their children." There may be other more local problems that you hope to find ways of solving.

3. Read as much as you can from the bibliography, especially those books named in the study article.

4. Find out all that you can about the religious groups in your community.

5. If you plan to invite persons of other faiths to your meeting, make those arrangements as soon as possible. Make sure that each of them understands what will be expected of him and why he is being invited.

6. If instead of inviting representatives of other faiths you plan only to talk about their beliefs and practices, it will make for a more interesting meeting if you assign the various religions of your community to individuals who will be a part of the meeting. Be sure that they know just what will be expected of them.

7. If possible, arrange to have your group sitting around a table. If tables are not available, put chairs in a circle, or semi-circle. Set up the blackboard conveniently, but fasten sheets of newsprint or wrapping paper to it with masking tape and use a black crayon or china marking pencil. Thus, all records of the group can be saved for use later in the meeting or at later meetings.

You will want to break up into still smaller discussion groups during the

meeting. Is there room for this?

8. Look over your planned agenda for the meeting to be sure that all preparations are made.

9. Spend some time in prayer and meditation.

II. The Session

1. Spend the early part of the session in some informal activities that will "break the ice" and help the group to think about differences and likenesses among them. (a) Divide into three or four or more groups according to birthdays. Allow them three minutes for talking about their birthdays, special celebrations, where they were born, and the like. (b) Divide into two or more groups according to the place where they were born, such as those born in the community, those from over the state, and those from out of the state. Allow them three minutes to talk about all the places where they have lived. (c) Divide into two or more groups according to the religious faith of their parents; that is, those belonging to your own faith, and those of other faiths. Talk for three minutes about the church relations and experiences of their childhood.

2. Gather as one group about the tables or in a circle as planned. Choose two recorders. Very quickly let the group name the likenesses and differences which they discovered in the preceding activities with one recorder listing the likenesses and the other listing the differences. What other likenesses and differences are apparent or known? Add these to the appropriate list. One of the likenesses mentioned undoubtedly will be that they all belong to the same church; and one of the differences probably will be that they come from several religious backgrounds.

3. Introduce the subject of the evening. What problems have they had because of these differences in background? Probably, you will want to set up a clean sheet of paper on which to list these.

Are these the same problems that they are having (or beginning to have) with their own children? What do they know about the religious beliefs of individuals and groups within their own neighborhood?

4. If representatives from other religious bodies within the community have been invited to the meeting, they may be called on at this time to explain briefly about the major beliefs and practices of their church. Allow time for questions from the group.

If participants of the group have been assigned these responsibilities instead, they will be asked to report and answer questions.

5. What plan of action needs to be considered to meet further the needs of the group? Is it more study? Is it a plan for visiting other churches with their children's classes? Is it the provision of helpful literature for the library or for the free tract display rack? Is it an adult class on "Beliefs of Our Church" or "What We Believe"?

6. Close with a worship service.

III. Bibliography

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2. *The Questioning Child and Religion*, Edith F. Hunter.
3. *One God—The Ways We Worship Him*, Florence Fitch.
4. *Your Neighbor Worships*, Editor: Rabbi Arthur Gilbert.
5. *Your Neighbor Celebrates*, Rabbi Irving J. Rosenbaum and Oscar Tarcov.
6. *Passover Haggadah*, a reprint from 1954 edition of "Christian Friends Bulletin."
7. *Your Neighbor Reads*, Selections from Jewish literature. (The last four may be secured from the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith.)
8. *An American Religious Movement*, Garrison.
9. *The Disciples of Christ*, Garrison and DeGroot.
10. *I Choose the Way*, Demaree.
11. *The Baptist Story*, Robert G. Torbet. Deals with American Baptist church history from earliest beginnings to the present.
12. *Baptist Beliefs*, Edgar Y. Mullins.

Get acquainted with the other churches in your own neighborhood. Visit them. Learn all that you can about their practices and beliefs.

"Why can't we patronize the dance hall?" "Why can't we go down to the hangout [the youth hangout] on Sunday instead of going to church?" These and other problems related to today's world can some-

times be solved as you and parents from other religious groups consider this common problem. Strangely enough, working together can strengthen your own convictions even as it deepens your appreciation and understanding of the differences and likenesses between many religious bodies. This, in turn, will help your children.

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Montgomery is its capital -----	23 43 56 17 36 7 28
B Very small opening in a door -----	63 58 48 26 6 31 52
C Baton Rouge is its capital -----	42 2 50 39 53 45 9 68 16
D Person under full legal age -----	83 106 35 132 19
E Unpleasant kind of weather -----	129 5 70 88 59 116
F Salem is its capital ---	62 111 27 44 14 37
G A pair -----	1 135 71 66 104 47
H Springfield is its capital -----	124 10 75 41 21 18 89 142
I What banks handle ---	84 139 94 109 30
J The elephant has a long one -----	95 127 65 107 57
K Dover is its capital ---	22 4 96 77 12 90 24 93
L Bad tempered -----	87 133 79 97 81 61
M The kitchen of a ship -----	92 32 121 15 85 60
N Robinson Crusoe's man -----	80 51 120 38 20 69
O Cared very deeply ----	11 82 46 25 115

P To swing from side to side -----	138 119 113 105
Q Faced the other way --	54 140 78 73 34 126
R A flaw or blemish ----	123 98 118 101 130
S To irritate or tease --	110 99 114 67 134
T Measure used in measuring the depth of water -----	86 72 55 108 49 3
U Anything that has a back has this -----	131 137 102 125 112
V Kind of chair for invalids -----	103 13 128 76 122
W A jumbled mess, or confusion -----	91 136 33 74 141 8
X Made a solemn promise -----	29 117 40 64 100

(Solution on page 28)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120
121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130
131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140
141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150

Make Each Day an Adventure

by Maymie R. Krythe

Does time hang a bit heavily on your hands? Has life lost some of its zest? If so, what about taking up new interests, or reviving former ones? In doing this you, too, can find that life becomes more interesting; and you can make *each* day a real adventure in living.

Take home entertaining, for example. Do you always invite the same people, serve the same type of food, and talk about the same things? Perhaps you don't realize what fun it is to do "something different," to surprise and delight your guests.

When you give a dinner, why not add a new person whom you haven't entertained before? My daughter says that I "mix" my groups too much; but I insist that bringing in new blood is stimulating and adds welcome variety to a group, which, through long association, tends to discuss the same subjects. Also, as we grow older, it is more important than ever to include new friends in our circle. This can add some very congenial new relationships.

For example, I was reading a writers' magazine on a train one day while going to a nearby city. A woman behind me leaned over and asked if I was interested in writing. Soon we were chatting. I discovered that she had had articles and poems published and had just moved to my city. Recognizing a kindred soul, I got her telephone number. Soon afterwards, I invited her and other writer friends to a Sunday afternoon tea.

This occurred several years ago; but the group that I gathered together that day still meets for dinner parties. As we are all interested in words, we play Anagrams with spirited rivalry and much

fun. These mutual interests make our get-togethers very enjoyable.

One of my favorite indoor activities is cooking for friends; and I like to vary my food and entertainment. For example, after a trip to Europe, I had some English afternoon teas, when I served thin slices of bread and butter, strawberry jam, water cress, sultana (raisin) cake, and plenty of tea.

I also give Italian dinners, using red-checked tablecloths, candles, and a centerpiece of fruit, which serves as both decoration and dessert. First, I let my guests help themselves to antipasto, varied appetizers, set out buffet style. Then for the main dish, I serve lasagne or canelloni, which I have introduced to many pleased friends. (Or you can use your own favorite macaroni or spaghetti dish.)

For a good conversation piece, serve an international dinner, with foods of several countries. Or you can serve a German dinner with sauerkraut or wiener schnitzel, or a Spanish one with paella, the national dish, as the chief item.

Last fall I reveled in the autumn colors in the East. After my return to the West Coast, I gave New England dinners for two groups, using maple leaves for decorations. My menu included clam chowder with small round crackers, scalloped oysters, baked beans, slaw, brown bread, Indian pudding topped with whipped cream, Toll House cookies, and maple sugar candies brought from Vermont.

Other enjoyable dinners have been "gay nineties" ones, with old-fashioned table settings. Afterwards we played old games, including Dominoes, Authors, and Flinch. We ended with a good

"sing" around the piano. I was very much pleased with the way in which my guests entered into the spirit of the affair; and they seemed to enjoy it. Since then, they ask me, "Isn't it time to get the checked table cloths out again?" So, through *planned* and *different* entertaining, you can have interesting adventures in living right in your own home.

Naturally, you don't spend all your time at home, although since the advent of television many do get most of their evening entertainment there. Recently, a columnist wrote that he and his family hadn't been to a movie for more than a year, because usually they sat at home and looked at TV. One evening, for a change, he decided to take the family to a movie. Result: He said that he was amazed to realize that Hollywood has produced some exceptional films. On the big screens, in color, and several with gorgeous foreign backgrounds, they can bring new pleasures to you, if you choose wisely.

How long has it been since you have seen a real stage play? Even if you have to go some distance, such an excursion, once in awhile, adds much to the joy of living. If you have a local "little theater," do you patronize it? Many are doing excellent work, giving the participants opportunity for self-expression.

It is too bad that many do bypass such entertainment. Older persons, who have never appeared on the stage before, sometimes do excellent work as character actors. In my city there is a gentleman over 80 who has won much praise for his acting; and he didn't start till he was in his 70's!

To add "pep" to humdrum living, one should be like Grandpa,

There's no need to lead a dull, routine life, when the world offers so many interesting things at your disposal.

in *You Can't Take It with You* and do things that he hasn't done before. Dine at some new or unusual eating places, or go to a different church on Sunday. Maybe, if you do the latter, you will develop more respect for other denominations.

It is an adventure, too, to acquaint yourself with what your public schools and local colleges offer in the way of diversion—lectures, films, pageants, concerts, plays, art exhibits, and sports. Many communities have free entertainment, which “senior citizens” enjoy. You will find notices of such events in newspapers.

During the four years when California was celebrating its centennial, many special affairs were staged, including the magnificent

Centennial Pageant in Hollywood Bowl. Other outstanding events in this region include the annual “Fishermen’s Fiesta” in San Pedro, with its parade of decorated boats; the lighted Christmas Tree Lane in Pasadena; and other holiday projects.

It is thrilling, too, to see famous people who are visiting this country. For example, when Queen Juliana, of Holland, came here, I went by bus to a nearby Dutch settlement and saw her and her husband arrive for a church service. It was interesting to hear her speak—both in Dutch and English—from the church steps. I will never forget hearing General Patton, just a short time before his death. It is inspiring to be present on such occasions; and all it

requires is a spirit of adventure and some advance planning.

Another way to add zest to daily life is to take advantage of the fine classes offered by adult education. You can study world events and hear discussions on great books or travel. If you are interested in creative writing, cooking, and interior decorating, or just about anything, there are classes for you. Many older people in such groups not only enrich their own lives, but gain new friends and become more interesting themselves.

A fascinating project is that of delving into your family history, as a cousin of mine has done. She has collected much valuable and worth-while data about her ancestors, and has carefully organized her material, adding sketches, snapshots, and clippings to make beautiful books for her grandchildren.

No doubt your town has homes or other buildings connected with its early history—homes of real pioneers who helped build your community. You might enjoy collecting facts and stories about them. If you don't have a local historical society, perhaps you can organize one. Some of these groups may be willing to do research in old newspapers and assemble data on your local history. Also interview “old settlers” and get their reminiscences in written form. These findings will be valuable to future generations.

These are just a few ways through which I have personally tried to make living more interesting. Life is ever dull if you are willing to be open-minded and are on the lookout for new experiences. Each day can become an adventure.

Lu Brown from erb



A birthday party at my age? Sure, why not? You're never too old to get pleasure out of living.

Eric's New Toys

(Continued from page 21)

Eric was so unhappy that he hurt clear through and through. He turned to his mother. "May I go out the front way if I let Byron and Matthew play with my new things?"

"Of course," Mother said. "And you will find out how much fun an unselfish boy can have when you get to playing, too."

So Eric ran out the front way, and he did find out all about fun as his mother had told him he would. Although all the boys were happy, Eric was the happiest as Byron and Matthew took turns riding his new trike, skating on his new skates, and coasting in his new wagon.

The Tattle-Tale Scar

(Continued from page 21)

"I found out afterwards that Judy wasn't caught in the sand, and she ran screaming for our folks and told them what happened. They hollered for some

other people, and pretty soon there were lots of folks there to help us get out.

"Well, your great grandmother just dug like a wild woman. She was scratching the sand away so fast that when she got to us, she raked a long scratch across my ankle." Aunt Ludie pointed to a long thin scar on her ankle.

"When I woke up and raised up, I could see the sun and hear the birds singing. Best of all I felt my mother's arms around me. I was just about the happiest little girl in the whole world! After that when my mother said, LUDIE, OPEN UP YOUR MIND, I knew what she meant.

"Lots of folks have tattle-tale scars because they just won't listen to other people. You have to keep your mind open ALL the time. If you don't, you might miss hearing your mother tell you that you shouldn't play in the alley, or you should never cross the street without looking, or take care of the baby. It might not seem like much at the time, but everybody should always keep his mind open. That is the way to learn; and the more you learn, the less tattle-tale scars you will have."

I couldn't help remembering the day that I chased a ball out into the street, after hearing Aunt Ludie's story. I'll never do that again! Will you! I'm going to listen so my mind will grow!

Making the Most of Your Marriage

(Continued from page 11)

but for life. We are not married for as long as things go well, or until we find if it will work, or until someone more attractive comes along, but until death parts us. This is the ideal for Christian marriage.

We knew when we got married that it wouldn't be all moonlight and roses. The words of the marriage ceremony told us that there might be sickness as well as health; sorrow as well as joy; want as well as plenty. So if you are hitting some rough spots, don't start talking or thinking about seeing a lawyer. The lawyer is the last man to see if your marriage is not producing the happiness that you want. Going to the lawyer at the first sign of trouble is like going to the undertaker for a broken leg or a cut finger. Before you see the lawyer, you should see the marriage counselor, the physician, the minister, the psychiatrist, the financial adviser, a good friend, or anyone else who could conceivably help you with your troubles. Troubles can be overcome. Many of them disappear with the dawning of a new day; and even the more difficult ones cannot destroy the marriage of two people who genuinely love each other and are determined to stay together.

10. Don't take your marriage for granted.

This suggestion is really implied in all the others, but it needs to be made specific. Of course, there is a sense in which we should be able to take our marriages for granted. They should be stable, dependable, permanent relationships which give us the basic security which we want and need. At the same time, however, the relationship of husband and wife is one which needs constant care and attention. When a man buys a fine automobile, he takes care of it—lubricates it, changes the oil, polishes it, and repairs it when needed. Because of this constant care and attention he is confident of its dependable performance. In much the same way the dependable relationship which we want marriage to be depends upon continuing concern for it.

Many people have learned from experience that love does die when it is not fed and nurtured. Relationships do deteriorate when little tears and breaks are not healed. Men and women do drift apart when nothing binds them together. Like everything else worthwhile, we need to work at the job of getting the most out of our marriages. A good marriage is the most precious relationship that we can have, and deserves our best efforts.

A Shovel and Hoe Party

(Continued from page 8)

back of a starting mark. Place a chalk line across the opposite end of the room to mark the goal. On the head of the leader of each group balance a pie tin holding some round object, such as an orange, a baseball, or a tennis ball. At the signal GO, the leaders must run to the goal line, turn, and run back again without losing their headgear. Should such a calamity occur, the unlucky contestant must return to home base and make a new start. When the successful number one runners return to their group, they must remove the pans and their contents from their own heads and place them on the heads of their number two players, who repeat the performance. They are not allowed to touch the pans placed on their heads, until after they have completed the race. The team whose last runner is first to return to his original place wins the prize.

In this case the prize should be something that each member of the group can enjoy, such as individual boxes of candy or nuts, candy canes, lollipops, or bottles of soda pop—something that the winners can enjoy while the losers look on enviously.

A Labor Day party can be a lot of fun. Try giving one!

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "Come to me, all who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls" (Matthew 11:28-29).

The Words

- A Alabama
- B Keyhole
- C Louisiana
- D Minor
- E Stormy
- F Oregon
- G Couple
- H Illinois
- I Money
- J Trunk
- K Delaware
- L Ornerly
- M Galley
- N Friday
- O Loved
- P Sway
- Q Turned
- R Fault
- S Annoy
- T Fathom
- U Front
- V Wheel
- W Muddle
- X Vowed



family Counselor

Q. I WOULD be grateful if you could advise me regarding my child's habitual fretfulness. She is twenty-seven months old—an age, I realize, that is characterized by negativism, but she's always been that way.

I've tried to figure many times what it was that we've done wrong in rearing her, but cannot account for her chronic frustration—that is not to say that I think we've been perfect parents. However, we've made an effort not to spoil her by "giving in" just because she whined. On the other hand, we've certainly not set an unreasonable standard of behavior for her. We're aware that it's normal for children to be temperamental about many things, but I can't believe it's normal for a child to wake up every morning in a dour mood and stay that way all day.

Thinking perhaps there might be some physical reason for all this, I consulted a physician. When he saw her chubby little body he almost laughed at me. She's definitely above average mentally and she's a pretty child. If she could only have an equally lovely disposition! We try to set an example of cheerfulness, but it's hard to do that 100 per cent of the time when she doesn't respond to it.

Do we give her enough love? She dislikes to give or be shown affection. Even as an infant, she preferred her bed to being cuddled in our arms. Have we tried ignoring her when she's whining? Yes! Yes! We've also tried diverting her attention, but she's a very determined child and isn't easily diverted.

I really don't know whether I've given her too much attention or too little. I've tried very hard to meet her needs as I saw them. On the other hand, in spite of the temptation, I'm sure we haven't put her on too high a pedestal as "only" children are put, proverbially. I believe the early years of a child's life are so important in character formation and therefore I'm eager to help her establish a wholesome attitude. Do you have any suggestions?

A. YOU ARE to be congratulated on several basic insights that are revealed in your comments. You realize, for example, that it is normal for a child to be temperamental; you have not given in to your child's whining and you have tried not to hold up unreasonable standards before her.

I am wondering, however, if perchance you are not losing sight of the fact that individuals do have different dispositions and temperaments, some tending to be cheerful and optimistic, whereas others are quite the opposite. To be sure, early environment is a factor in determining one's disposition, but it is not the only factor.

Without getting into the "heredity versus environment" controversy, it should be noted that there are some, at least, who feel that individuals are born with tendencies to certain types of temperament.

You should not necessarily assume, therefore, that you are doing something wrong because your child whines more than you think she should. It may be that she will never be the naturally cheerful type.

What has just been said refers to a general acceptance of your daughter in the years ahead. In the meantime, it also should be remembered that at twenty-seven months your daughter's disposition is not permanently fixed and it is quite possible that in the months and years ahead, you will find increasingly that she is becoming more cheerful and finding life more satisfying.

And certainly it behooves you and your husband to try to surround her with the kind of environment that will enable her to grow up with a feeling of inner security and the conviction that life is good. Although she may not like to be shown affection now, you can be certain that she wants to know that she is loved and accepted. Your task, then, is to find out how you can let her know this in ways that are pleasing to her.

As you continue to encourage her to play with those of her own age, you will find that she begins to develop more independence and perhaps a more cheerful outlook. But don't expect her to change her disposition quickly. Be patient, understanding, and loving, and I am sure you will find your problem less acute in the days ahead.

Donald M. Maynard



BEULAH FRANCE, R.N.

Hearthstone's Visiting Nurse

WHAT DO YOU NEED TO KNOW?

"Come now, let us reason together . . . you shall help me . . . then I will help you . . . The tongue of the wise is *health*!"

The tongue of *Hearthstone's* Visiting Nurse has been discussing "health" so long that prominent

physicians elected her a Fellow of the American Public Health Association and a member of England's Royal Society of Health. So never hesitate to ask questions which do not demand a doctor's decision.

"You shall help me" by sending in subject-suggestions. "I will help you" by selecting, for discussion, non-medical queries most often submitted. We all owe God the best that we can possibly give. Good health frees from obstacles which might interfere with God's works which we could do.

The Bible says, "The law of the wise is a fountain of life . . . a faithful ambassador of health . . . Learn to do well." Learn to *keep* well, too. Be wise in heart, and mighty in strength, so far as God grants you grace. "Be strong in the Lord!"

Few of us are as "strong" in any way as we are capable of being. "Awake, awake, put on thy strength!" cried Isaiah. Was there ever a time when strength of every kind was needed more than now?

Tell us your needs!

WILBUR



"Let's see—we'll get a dollar for spading the flower beds. One dollar divided by three equals . . ."

Children Are Natural Poets

(Continued from page 15)

I solved this difficulty by never directly referring to her mistakes at all, but by making sure that my own speech was correct. In addition, I often repeat her statements, using the correct form. If she says, "I had fun making cookies when I goed to Grandma's yesterday," I say, "How nice that you made cookies when you *went* to Grandma's house."

I don't believe that Patty is in the least precocious in her literary tastes or talents. By stimulating the part of her that is poetic, I am trying to give her a secure feeling about the beauty of words—a feeling that will stay with her even when she is bombarded by slang, abusive language, and trite phrases. I hope that always when she picks up a book, she will know the inner contentment that comes from reading with pleasure and appreciation, as well as for information.

Why Is Mary So Contrary?

(Continued from page 5)

Some Guiding Principles

Here are principles which should serve as guide lines for helping young people grow in their ability to make decisions:

1. Be conscious when you make decisions. Perhaps the decision could or should be made by your teen-ager or in consultation with him.
2. Don't undersell your teen-ager's ability to make decisions.
3. Respect those decisions that your teen-ager has made by refraining from jokes or malicious kidding about them.
4. Help your teen-ager to know of your concern, but recognize that there is a point of over-concern which then becomes meddling.
5. Encourage decision making within the capabilities of the young person.

There is nothing startling or particularly new about these principles. Man has known of them ever since he began to realize that there needed to be order in his relations with others. How clearly it was shown when Christ some 2000 years ago compared the Kingdom to a family, when he spoke of the Fatherhood of God and the sonship of man.

It is difficult, sometimes, to realize that the same Kingdom-concept of love and affection must be basic to family relationships. We do not "own" our children, nor should our lives be geared to their every whim. Somewhere in between these extremes there is that solid ground of Christian love that has within it the qualities of growth, concern, and respect.

Today's children are tomorrow's parents, as trite and obvious as that statement may be. How can parents help concluding that the trust given them as parents is one of the most sacred?



BOOKS for the hearthside

For Children

Life in Japan at the close of the nineteenth century is the background for **Gift from the Mikado**, by Elizabeth Fleming (Westminster, 1958, 176 pages, \$2.95). It is the story of the Poate family, the first Americans to live in a town in northern Japan. Fred, Ernest, and Daisy Poate are the three children for whom the excitement of living in a strange land results in a continuous round of adventure. The author writes with the authority of personal knowledge, since she was the first foreign baby born in Morioka, Japan. The incidents related are events that really happened. Art work is by Janet Smalley.

"Where is Benjamin Big?" is the big question of this exciting book for nine-to-twelve-year-olds by Janet Rogers How (Westminster, 1958, 128 pages, \$2.95). Benjamin Big is, of course, a dog: a 150-pound black Newfoundland who wins friends wherever he goes, but who disappears one moonlight night. His disappearance puts the finger of suspicion on him for a—but let's not give the story away now. Read for yourself one of the most thrilling stories about a boy, Tim Rand, and his dog that you will ever read.

Girls and boys who are looking for something to do will find oodles of ideas in **Make It and Use It!** by Bernice Wells Carlson (Abingdon Press, Nashville, 1958, 160 pages, \$2.50). Here is a handier book of suggestions for useful gifts that will give each youngster a chance to give something that he has created himself. Detailed drawings by Aline Hansens will make the clear instructions even more clear and easily followed. A good book for constant reference in home, school, or church library.

From the big city school to a ramshackle one-room school was a big and hated transition for Jo Ann Brice. **Coon Holler**, by Olive Rambo Cook (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York, 1958, 178 pages, \$2.75), is a little community in the Ozarks that Jo Ann loved to go

to on summer vacations, but for school—oh, no! But Jo Ann and her little brother found that these "despised hillbillies" knew a thing or two; and the whole experience turned out to be a hard-earned education for the "city-slickers." Naturally, all Missourians, people who have gone from or been to or wished they could go to Missouri and its Ozarks, which is nearly everyone, will enjoy reading this book to and with their children.

For Young People

Youthful lovers of baseball (and many not so youthful) will enjoy **Freshman Backstop**, by Lawrence A. Keating (Westminster, Phila., 1957, 182 pages, \$2.75). Along with the baseball is a little bonus of basketball. The book centers around "Shorty" Wendell Cooper, who is "Mr. 5-5," meaning in height. Yet he turns out to be no mean performer on the hardwood court and a bang-up backstop on the diamond. In between the two sports activities are other college affairs plus a little girl-boy interest. All in all here are a few hours of interesting reading that you might as well be doing some rainy day or quiet evening, instead of televisioning.

Although the title and the dust jacket imply it, boxing is not the main interest of **In This Corner**, by Adrien Stoutenburg (Westminster Press, Phila., 1957, 192 pages, \$2.75). Here is a story of young people who get mixed up in community politics, as well as school, sports, dates, pretty clothes, and all the lighter concerns of teen-agers. Involved in a body-building, judo-training program to prepare himself for self-defense, young Ted Smith discovers some of the more serious aspects of life. In the end he also discovers that the power of moral courage is not to be sneezed at. Here is excitement and tension, without an overdose of violence, which teen-agers will enjoy reading.

A return engagement with Don Revere and Raffy is in store for those who read **Olympic Horseman**, by John Richard Young (Westminster, 1957, 223 pages, \$2.75). Here is the boy and his horse whose experiences thrilled the readers of *Champion of the Cross* 5 and *Arizona Cutting Horse* by the same author. This time the action centers around training two horses for participation in the Swedish Olympic games. Don discovers that his dependable Raffy comes through again even though taken to Sweden only as a "serviceable second" to the more glamorous Clonmella, whom he trained especially for the games. "Philippians" (that is, "lovers of horses") will like this story, but so also will anyone who enjoys good, clean, action-packed stories with the atmosphere of the international Olympics thrown in.

Espionage is the theme of **Assignment in Danger**, by Vernon F. Freethy (David MacKay Co., Inc., New York, 1957, 180 pages, \$2.75). This is the story of a young Czechoslovakian refugee who is sent as an American spy back into East Berlin. Although his responsibility is only that of a transmitter of documents, it is a dangerous and important one. How he completes his assignment in spite of danger, capture, torture, and tension-filled chases provides a very exciting story that also gives an accurate picture of life behind the Iron Curtain. In addition it portrays how effectively propaganda can be used to deceive decent people.

That war is never glamorous is only one of the ideas that young people will understand after reading **Sons of Montezuma**, by James L. Summers (Westminster, 1958, 192 pages, \$2.95). A better understanding of the background for and some of the injustices in the Mexican War of 1847 will also result. Young Jack Ransome is the hero of the story, which carries the reader from the first amphibious landing in history of American forces at Vera Cruz to the final show-down with Santa Anna's forces, September 14, 1847. The author has done a good job of research and has given an authentic, even if fictionalized, picture of this important phase of our history.

OVER THE BACK FENCE

As Others See Us

We have heard much in late years as to how other nations of the world see our country. Many times it has been called to our attention that we are not always favorably regarded, and we wonder why. Most of us are convinced that we have tried hard to help, and we are puzzled and hurt that our efforts seem so often lightly appreciated. It is too easy an answer to say that the cause is partly because of our "using our offers of help to buy the friendship of others." In a sense it may be because we look upon other nations as only means to our ends: as guinea pigs to our experimentation.

Now it appears that we are to be the guinea pigs! Sweden has recently sent to this country her chief inspector of the Swedish Royal Social Board to study the problem of the problem drinker, because America is "where it has made itself most manifestly felt."

In other words, it is widely recognized around the world that the alcoholic problem in America is of such magnitude that it provides an interesting area of exploration for those who are concerned with the same problem.

Sweden regards alcoholism as chief among the social problems that have beset her since World War II. With over 60,000 alcoholics in a country of 7 million inhabitants and with alcohol cited as a factor in 60 per cent of the nation's crimes, Sweden is earnestly setting about to try to do something about the problem. So it has sent its government official to study the situation in our land.

Sweden has long taken a serious attitude toward this problem in these ways. Every community is

required by law since 1916 to set up a treatment center for alcoholics. The government, through its own liquor stores, is discouraging the purchase of hard liquor through a policy of established high prices. Alcohol education as to the dangers of overindulgence in alcoholic beverages is a longtime program in Swedish high schools.

Is it not a sad thing that we do not have an ideal program of alcoholic education that we can recommend to our friend from Sweden? We rejoice that the National Council of Churches has recently issued an official statement urging a new and vigorous campaign of education on alcoholic problems, treatment of alcoholics, and control of beverage alcohol aimed at reducing its use. Here is something that homes can give wholehearted support to accomplish.

As Adolescents See Parents

Are you parents interested in what adolescents are thinking about you? Of course you are, and you probably could ask some of them to tell you. But would you get a straight answer—one that said what the teen-ager really thought?

Ruth Strang, professor of education at Teachers' College, Columbia University, has published a new book on *The Adolescent Views Himself*. In it she asked youth something about their parents, too. Presumably, because she was not involved, she received some unvarnished answers that should help parents see how they stand in their youngsters' eyes. Of course, every judgment will not fit every case; but enough will be suitable to cause some long, long thoughts by parents.

One quote from the book may send you to your library to find the book, or to your bookstore to buy this McGraw-Hill (330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. 36, \$7.95) book. Says Dr. Strang, "A happy home does not just happen. Everybody has to help make it so. . . . Time, love, and companionship are the essentials." Christian faith finds its opening in that word, "love."



If you want to know more about what the college crisis means to you, send for the free booklet "The Closing College Door" to: Box 36, Times Square Station, New York 36, N. Y.

Their Future and Yours Depend on Our Colleges

As Americans, all of us are proud of our national growth. But it is a sobering thought that the number of young men and women who want and deserve a college education will *double* by 1967.

Right now our colleges and universities are making a valiant effort to take care of the hosts of eager-eyed young people who are *already* clamoring for admittance. They have an enormous job to do, for the necessary expansion is far more than a matter of adding classrooms, laboratories and dormitory space. There must be a corresponding increase in faculty and in faculty caliber. The profession of college teaching must attract more first-rate men and women or it will be in danger of turning out second-rate graduates.

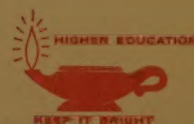
This problem of the capacity of our colleges to meet the challenge that is now upon us is vital not only to students and their parents but also to business—to industry—and to *you*.

It is easy to point to current shortages of engineers and scientists. Less obvious but just as pressing is the need for civic leaders—for teachers—for business administrators—for home-makers. Above all there is a need for people who have learned to think soundly and choose wisely. They are and will continue to be the backbone of our strength as a nation.

Freedom needs educated people. In this country, those who lead are those who *know*. Help the colleges or universities of your choice—now!

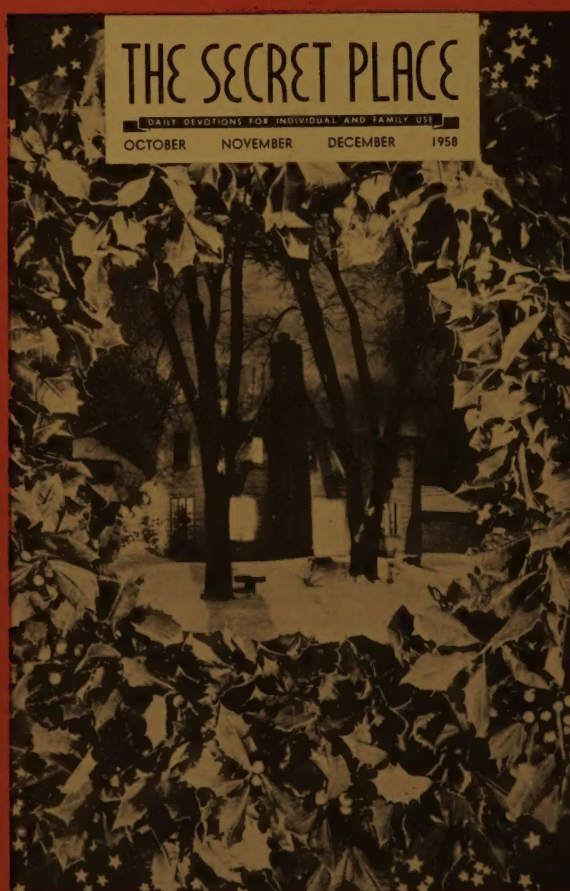


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